

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2875.—VOL. CIV.

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1894.

THIRTY-SIX | SIXPENCE.
PAGES | By Post, 6½d.



THE QUEEN AT MANCHESTER: HER MAJESTY, IN THE ADMIRALTY YACHT "ENCHANTRESS," OPENING THE SHIP CANAL.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is doubtful whether Canon Ainger's lecture on the "Art of Conversation" will have much effect on social circles, but, to use a vulgar phrase, he has "had a shy at it"; and especially is he to be commended for the advice he gives us as to what kinds of talk are to be avoided by those who wish to make themselves agreeable. The notion of some people is that argument (in which it is understood you are to get the better) is an attractive branch of conversation; others believe in cynicism; others in narratives brought in *à propos de bottes*; and some in denouncing other people's stories upon the ground that they have not novelty to recommend them. The fact is, not many people possess the gift of conversation at all, and are quite content to do without it. As a writer in the *Spectator* justly observes upon this subject, "the art of listening without response is a positive enjoyment to many persons." How otherwise can we account for the popularity of platform oratory and after-dinner speeches, not to speak of lectures and addresses? The uses to which human speech is put by what used to be called "the gay and sparkling throng" is amazing. I once had the good fortune to overhear a scrap of conversation between a gilt youth and his partner after they had threaded the mazes of the dance. "You shiver," he said with tender solicitude; "I trust you have not taken cold." "No," she returned smiling, "it must have been a goose walking over my grave." Then he, with marked intention, "Happy goose!" What did he mean, what *could* he mean? Yet the remark fulfilled one of the main objects of conversation, for it evidently gave great pleasure to the recipient. "Good conversation," says Canon Ainger, "springs rather from the heart than from the head," and the remark in question certainly did not come from the latter source. Once at a large dinner party, and during a total silence, I heard a gentleman with an unfortunately penetrating voice observe, "I am told there is a great deal of claret in France." I have heard wittier conversations, but none that ever tickled me more; the cautious qualification, "I am told," gave the charm of modesty to the unimpeachable statement. It aroused in every breast the interesting speculation, "Who could have told him?" The suspicion that the observation was not original would otherwise never have occurred to one.

The statement that no less than one person in twenty is colour-blind, made by Captain Abney the other day at the Royal Institution, will strike most people as surprising, the percentage is so unexpectedly high. The news, however, will not be unsatisfactory to everybody. Painters may now console themselves for what is amiss in the opinion of the art-critics: if an unfavourable judgment has been passed on their immortal works it need not be set down to malice; the eye only brings with it what it sees, and it is possible that their censor may be incapable of seeing rose-colour. This is very much the case, one has also noticed, in the reviews of books, though it has been attributed to other causes. Some people—a very few, as might be expected—only see things a virgin white, but a good many green and yellow, a defect hitherto attributed to jealousy. A very common error is to see things red which are not so. This possibly explains the frequency of flirtation: the weakness of the fair sex for the military is notorious, and no doubt some civilians get the benefit of it from being erroneously supposed to be in scarlet. Upon the whole, advantage and disadvantage seem nicely balanced in the matter.

It would be interesting if Captain Abney's investigations could be extended to the inward eye, so that the errors of what are called "viewy" people could be exposed. It would, no doubt, be then discovered that much more than one in twenty of our faddists were afflicted with a similar defect. That they do not see themselves as others see them is certain, or they would not make themselves so ridiculous; but where the gentle reader and myself see a tobacco-pipe, it is possible that they not only say that they see poison, but (as is the case with persons suffering from delirium tremens) really do see it; when they see a card they take it for a Devil's book, instead of a part of the library of that respectable firm, Messrs. De la Rue; and when they see a mutton cutlet they see, if they are vegetarians, a slaughter-house! They are in a sad condition, but, fortunately for themselves, they are no more aware of it than are the colour-blind.

In so early a publication as Boyle's "History of Colours" there are some curious examples of this defect. One sign of infection of the Plague in a patient was the luminous appearance of neighbouring objects: the sober garments of the doctor "appeared glorified by the most glorious colours, like those of the rainbow, and oftentimes succeeding one another." This, however, was an early symptom, and lasted but for a day. We are told also of a lady who had fallen upon her face and been severely bruised, that (instead of having her own features variegated, as might be expected) she beheld colours "so new and glorious as could not be described by their likeness to anything she had seen before or since." In these days, when a new tint is the desideratum of the fashionable world, this person would have been invaluable, though to keep her up

to the mark, so to speak, it would have been necessary, I suppose, to employ constant ill-usage.

Whether animals see colours as they are, or not, has not been made the subject of investigation, but Mr. Forbes, the author of "Oriental Memoirs," tells us how a tame chameleon of his was singularly affected by anything black. A man of colour was as unpopular with him as with a citizen of the United States; if the skirting-boards of a room were black he kept well in the middle of it to avoid them, and, what was much more remarkable, if anything black, such as a hat, was designedly placed in his way, he became black himself. No human being has yet exhibited such sensitiveness to colour as this; which is hardly to be regretted, since, where lavish decoration is employed, it would be very trying to the complexion.

We are told that the new system of allowing persons to select books for themselves in a public library has proved to be satisfactory, inasmuch as it has diminished the output of fiction. The reason of this is supposed to be that the reader comes upon attractive theological and scientific works he would never otherwise have heard of, which win his mind from mere works of imagination. It is very pleasant to hear these improving volumes are so fascinating at the first glance that once taken up they cannot be put down. If this is really the case, it would be a good plan to leave some of the Hundred Best Books open in the window, upon catching sight of which—a specimen of Kant or Mr. Herbert Spencer for example—the passer-by would pause, and cry, "Oh, this is nice indeed!" then go inside and demand the works of both philosophers. On the other hand, another reason given for the rejection of novels is that, having the advantage of seeing what they are like by a cursory inspection, the reader is more than satisfied. He opens his "Pickwick," which some thoughtless person has recommended to him, and says, "Dear me, this is very light and frivolous"; he looks at his "Alice in Wonderland" and exclaims (with the mathematical professor in "Paradise Lost"), "Why there is not a word of proof in it from beginning to end!" We gather from the report that the books upon the shelves are cunningly mixed, so that as the reader turns with creditable disgust from the allurements of fiction, a restorative in the shape of a volume of ethics or a treatise on algebra is ready to his hand. It is pleasant to read that, notwithstanding the great temptation to pocket these works, "there has been no pilfering from the shelves." The conductors of a public library should know their own business best; but I should have thought from what I have seen of "the general reader" that nothing could be more embarrassing to him than to be left to browse at will over a vast field of literature, without knowing precisely what he wants or why he wants it. "In the evening," we are told, an official "assists readers to find books"—a dark saying, from which one gathers that the library in question is not very well lighted.

Mr. Hall Caine has snatched a day or two from his graver avocations to write "The Little Man Island," which is, in fact, a guide-book to the Isle of Man. It is a capital little volume, and, no doubt, gave him as much pleasure, in its way, as his more ambitious works; for there is something very agreeable to the well-disposed in drawing the attention of their fellow-creatures to the beauties of their favourite locality. If they have a genuine love for it, they have no selfish desire to keep it, liked a walled garden, to themselves. One of the first books I ever wrote myself was an account of a tour in the Lake District, called "The Lakes in Sunshine," of which, to use an old-fashioned phrase, "a few copies, I believe, can still be obtained of the booksellers," and I never enjoyed the art of composition more. It was an *édition de luxe* in the way of guide-books, full of large and beautiful photographs, and it was conjectured by the enterprising publisher (as I believe, with reason) that it would be patronised by the many newly married couples who passed their honeymoons in that district. With the prospect of such patrons, and amid the exquisite scenes that formed its subject, it ought to have been a labour of love, deserving of the poet's exordium, "Give me a golden pen and heaped up flowers upon which to lean," and, indeed, it was so; but I also remember the reflection that my book was being illustrated, and that I was being paid very handsomely for it by the local publisher also gave me satisfaction.

Happy pairs do not so often go to the Lakes for their honeymoons as they used to do: the more fashionable ones, at least—unless some mansion is lent to them which fixes the locality—generally prefer Paris. This change, I understand, is caused by the less sentimental views that are now entertained with regard to matrimony. Edwin and Angelina may have quite a good average of devotion for one another, but they have heard that the Lake District is rainy, and "What is one to do," they ask, "in a place like that [meaning one that has only the beauties of nature to recommend it] if it is wet weather?"

Whatever may be said about the demonstration of the cab-drivers the other day, it was a genuine one, and mainly composed of the parties concerned. There were no

wagonettes full of men bedizened with ribbons, and ladies to match, which give so artificial an air to similar exhibitions. The processionists, even if they had had no badges, would have been recognised as cabmen—and as hansom cabmen, too—who are, indeed, a race quite separate from the drivers of four-wheelers. As a rule, they are of a bright and merry countenance, with a turn for satire; whereas the Jehus who drive the growlers (not, like the son of Nimshi, furiously) are scant of speech and morose in manner. The former take a pride in their vehicles, and often buy a flower for the ears of their "bits of blood"; whereas the latter seem to prefer their cabs to have a broken window, or one with no button for the strap, so that the fare who desires a little air has constantly to keep hold of it, like the deck confederate of a diver. Unlike the genius who lisped in numbers, the one you give him never recurs to him, and when remonstrated with he says, "In this world one cannot remember everything," as though in a future state of existence he would recover one's address. It was pretty to see the friendliness with which the procession greeted the inhabitants of Clubland as it marched down Pall Mall. Only too often they are saluted on such occasions with the contemptuous epithet "Yah!" but the hansom cabby knows who are his patrons, and is not yet sufficiently democratised to scorn to recognise them.

The late case of wrongful suspicion in a no less serious offence than that of murder suggests some serious considerations. The murdered man, being interrogated a few moments before his death as to the perpetrator of the crime, mentions the name of an acquaintance, who was arrested in consequence. It has since been shown that this person was innocent and in no way mixed up with the matter; the dying man either misunderstood the question or was thinking of something else. But in what a terrible position the last words of a man whose life has met with a violent end may place the best of us—or, in other words, the reader! It is well to be remembered by a friend in his last hour, but not always to be remembered by name. The worst of it is that the nearer and dearer you are to him, the more likely this is to happen. After so near a miscarriage of justice as has taken place, nervous persons may be excused for asking their friends, in case "crow-bars or other sedatives" are applied to them, to let them be among the very first to be forgotten; it will be simply sufficient to find themselves remembered in their wills.

I remember, some years ago, a theory being promulgated that on the retina of a dead person's eye could be discovered the last object he beheld in life. It was taken for granted, in the case of a man with what looked like a club in his hand being thus depicted, that he must necessarily be the murderer, whereas it turned out that it was some chivalrous person running up to his assistance with a "baggy" umbrella. Similarly a person whose wits are disorganised by a blow on the head may be thought to be denouncing his assaulter, when, with tardy prevision, he may in reality be only appointing his executor.

Some time ago I drew the attention of my readers to Mr. Bailey-Martin, as being one of these rare "heroes" who, although thoroughpaced scoundrels, yet succeed in attracting the interest if not the sympathy of the reader. And now we have M. de Berault, duellist and spy, who has achieved in "Under the Red Robe" a similar success. Except for this peculiarity of their chief personages, and that they both affect to be autobiographies, it is impossible to conceive two stories more wholly different. When I read the denunciations directed against modern fiction by certain persons, I sometimes wonder whether they ever read any novels but the stupid ones, which, even so, would, it must be confessed, give them plenty of occupation. Why is it that they love to dwell upon the psychological or prurient rubbish that is shot in every corner nowadays, and which only smells the worse for stirring, and neglect what is really worth attention? Their general notion of criticism appears to be either an anticipation of the judgment of posterity, about which they know nothing at all, or that species of comparison which is justly described as odious. For my part, I thank Heaven that I can like books even though they are as fresh as new-laid eggs; and when such a one as "Under the Red Robe" is offered me, I feel no inclination to regret it, with a "Give me Scott." It is like sniffing disdainfully at an autumn rose simply because it is not a summer one. I know no opening chapter in fiction which for go and vigour is superior to the introduction Mr. Stanley Weyman gives us to M. de Berault. So thoroughly are his heartlessness, brutality, and even meanness (in accepting his mission from the Cardinal, though it is the alternative of his being hanged) conveyed to us that it seems one can never look upon that bravo and bully with anything but loathing. And yet, thanks to the skill of the narrator, aided by that admiration of brute courage which is natural to us all, we forgive the man all his crimes at last, and even Mademoiselle de Cocheforêt for falling in love with him. Why she does it, it is true, is not very explicable, nor what the young couple will have to live upon afterwards, but these two difficulties confront the observer every day. It is a fine story of action, limited almost to a single scene and to few persons, but full of dramatic interest. It has one fault—an unusual one with historical novels and some others—it is too short.

OPENING OF THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL BY Her Majesty the Queen.

A remarkable demonstration of loyalty and devotion to the Throne was witnessed at Manchester on Monday, on the occasion of the visit of her Majesty the Queen to Manchester to open the Manchester Ship Canal. From all parts of south-west Lancashire people crowded into the city at an early hour, and spent the morning inspecting the decorations. The entire route, nearly eight miles in extent, was lined with Venetian masts, from which hung festoons of streamers, flowers, and evergreens, all very prettily designed. Albert Square, in which the Town Hall stands, was guarded at each principal entrance with a triumphal arch, and a conspicuous object among the flags in the centre was the newly renovated statue of the Prince Consort, now that the smoky grime of years has been removed. Two other arches, one in Manchester and the other in Salford, were composed of fire-escapes, decorated with burnished hose, and manned by members of the two brigades, standing aloft in mid-air.

Her Majesty arrived at London Road Station, Manchester, at half-past four, having been more than five hours and a quarter on the journey. An enthusiastic welcome awaited her. A procession was formed without delay, and a company of Hussars, dashing down Piccadilly, Market Street, and Cross Street, quickly cleared the route to Albert Square, to which entry was obtained by a fine triumphal arch. The square is the largest open space within the city proper. It was densely thronged with people. In the centre of the area stands the Albert Memorial, with its statue of the Prince in heroic proportions, surmounted by an elaborately florid canopy; and between the memorial and the principal entrance to the Town Hall the procession came to a stand. The building was comparatively bare of decoration, for her Majesty had specially requested that its features should be left undisguised, as she wished to view the architectural beauties of the edifice, the opening of which, in 1877, she had been unable to perform. On a dais near the steps leading to the Hall the Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Recorder and the Town Clerk, who were attired in the robes of their respective offices, presented the Queen with an address from the Corporation of Manchester. It conveyed loyal greetings to her Majesty prepared in elaborate colouring and rich emblazonry worked in various devices appropriate to the fact of the conversion of Manchester into a seaport town. After the Queen had received a bouquet from the Lady Mayoress, who was presented, the procession passed beneath a superbly decorated Gothic archway, erected at the southern extremity of the square, and proceeded along the Oxford Road.

On turning westward, along Cavendish Street, another halt was called in order to enable her Majesty to receive an

address under the common seal of the Owens College, which is the senior college of the Victoria University. The address was from the governors, council, professors, lecturers, associates, and students of the college, and was presented by Dr. Ward, the principal. It alluded to the Queen's visit as the establishment of an enduring personal association between the sovereign and a great achievement of engineering science in which the inhabitants of the city district were deeply interested. An address having been presented in reply, the royal carriage proceeded along

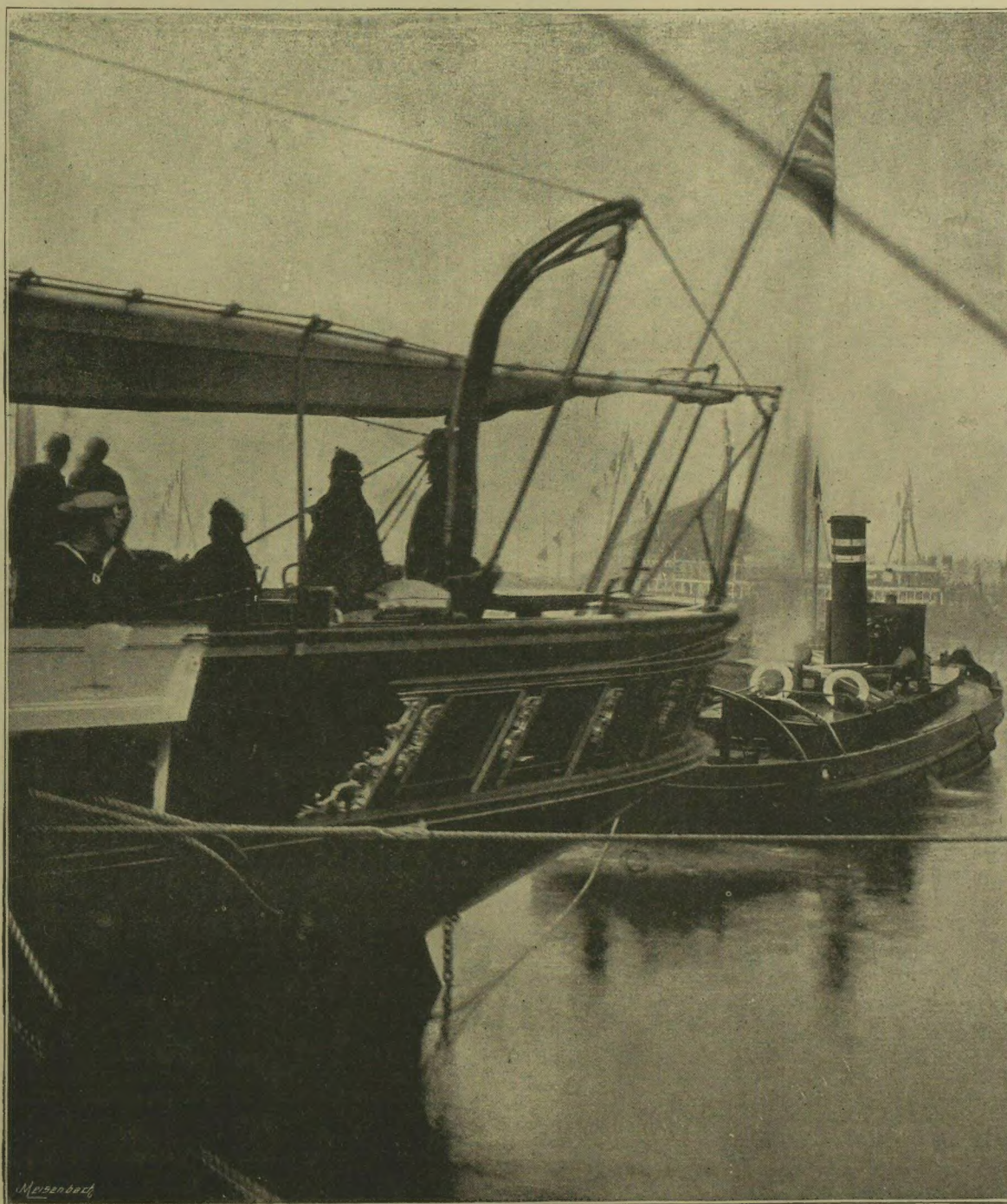
hoisting of the royal standard over the pavilion prepared for the Queen's reception. Her Majesty at once went on board the Admiralty steam-yacht *Enchantress*, which lay moored to the quay. The vessel then cast loose and steamed slowly in the direction of Trafford Road Swing Bridge, which was turned aside as an exhibition of the power of the hydraulic appliances used for that purpose. While on board the yacht, her Majesty was presented by Lord Egerton, chairman of the directors of the Ship Canal, with an address, in which they stated that they rejoiced

to think that her Majesty's reign had been coincident with the greatest extension of scientific knowledge, expansion of commerce, and development of the peaceful arts of which the world held record. The reply given to this address said that it had been a great pleasure to her Majesty to be present at the opening of the canal, and she trusted that the increased facilities of direct commercial communication with all parts of the world would redound to the benefit of Manchester as a community.

While on board the *Enchantress* her Majesty conferred the honour of knighthood upon the Lord Mayor of Manchester (Alderman Anthony Marshall) and the Mayor of Salford (Alderman W. H. Bailey). Mr. Leader Williams, the chief engineer, Mr. Marshall Stevens, the manager, and Mr. Whitworth, the secretary, were presented to her Majesty. The yacht passed on to Mode Wheel and was there brought to in order that the Queen might be put into electrical communication with the hydraulic machinery by which the locks at this point—the last of the series—are worked. By the pressing of a button the apparatus was set in motion, and amid the applause of the assembled multitude the huge gates instantly swung back, thus admitting the white yacht *Norseman* to the higher level. This may be described as the central act of the opening ceremony. Amid the blare of trumpets, the salvo of artillery fired from the neighbouring race-course, and the joyous shouts of the people, the *Enchantress* returned, and the Queen, alighting on the quay, re-entered her carriage and departed. The Salford Corporation presented an address, to which her Majesty replied that she hoped the people of Salford would enjoy every benefit they could expect to reap from the opening of the

Manchester Ship Canal. The royal party hastened onward, and, reaching the Exchange Station at half-past seven o'clock, started for the north by special train.

It would be impossible to estimate with any accuracy the numbers of those who witnessed the royal progress. The street accommodation, exclusive of stands, window-space, private areas, and privileged enclosures, is estimated at 650,000. The Ship Canal Company's stands alone were sufficient to accommodate 15,000, and the company's premises, it was calculated, afforded accommodation for 300,000 more.



THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS BEATRICE, ON BOARD THE "ENCHANTRESS," PASSING DOWN THE CANAL.

From a Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

Stretford Road, a thoroughfare which maintains a broad and uniform width of a perfectly straight line extending considerably over two miles. In no section of the route was the colour more profuse or the variety of decoration more bewildering. The vista was lost in a waving mass of brilliancy which overarched the way and fringed it on both sides, sometimes completely hiding the houses and sombre sky of a Manchester afternoon.

Trafford Wharf was reached at about half-past five, and the approach of the procession was the signal for the



Mr. S. R. Platt.

Sir J. Harwood.

Sir A. Marshall.

Sir W. H. Bailey.

Mr. A. Henderson.

Sir J. Leigh.

Lord Egerton of Tatton.

Mr. C. J. Galloway.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

From a Photograph by F. Baum.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO MANCHESTER.



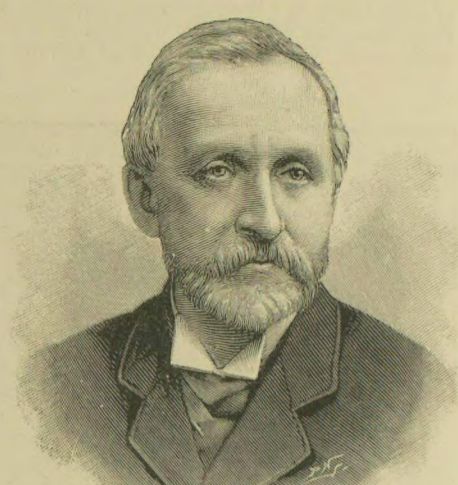
MR. ALDERMAN MARK.



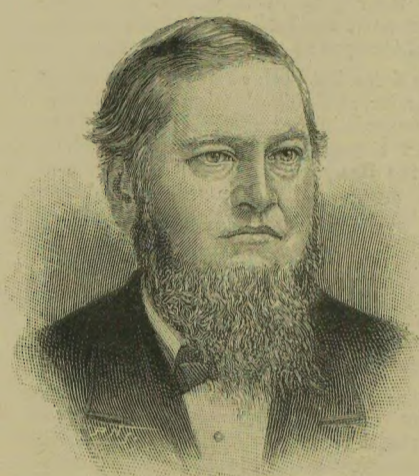
MR. ALDERMAN HOPKINSON.



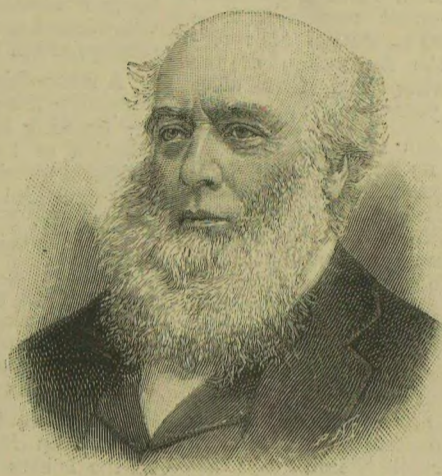
SIR ANTHONY MARSHALL,
LORD MAYOR OF MANCHESTER.



SIR W. H. BAILEY,
MAYOR OF SALFORD.



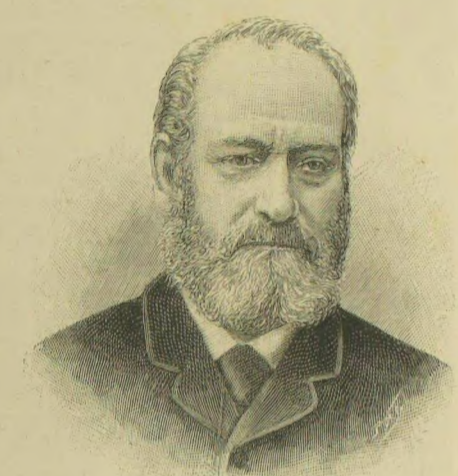
ALDERMAN SIR J. J. HARWOOD.



MR. ALDERMAN KING.



ALDERMAN SIR B. LEECH.



MR. TALBOT,
TOWN CLERK OF MANCHESTER.

THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE.



THE QUEEN'S YACHT PASSING UP THE CANAL.
From a Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and their children, and with the Princess of Leiningen, left Windsor on Monday, May 21, travelling to Manchester, where she arrived at half-past four in the

The Duchess of Teck opened a bazaar in the Old Kent Road on May 22 for the benefit of the Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, Mission in Southwark.

The Horse Show has been opened at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, and has been visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and others of the royal family.

Prince Henry of Battenberg was in the chair at the yearly dinner, on May 17, in aid of the Royal Society of Musicians.

Lord Roberts presided on May 18 at the annual demonstration, in Exeter Hall, of the Boys' Brigade, which now comprises in the United Kingdom 650 companies, with 30,000 boys and 2200 officers, receiving a religious education and learning military and ambulance drill.

The Archbishops and Bishops of the Church of England have issued an address to the clergy and laity against the proposed disestablishment and disendowment of the Church in Wales.

The Very Rev. Charles John Vaughan, D.D., Dean of Llandaff, who is somewhat recovering from his illness, has announced his resignation of the Mastership of the Temple, having held that office twenty-five years.

The London Chamber of Commerce held its annual meeting on May 21, Sir Albert Rollit, M.P., in the chair. It has now nearly 4000 members, with an income of £6837, exceeding its expenditure by £1117, and claims to be useful as "a source and centre of commercial information, to prevent or mitigate imposition and even disasters"; also promoting commercial education, and the settlement of disputes by conciliation or arbitration, and giving advice to the State and Parliament, although Sir Albert Rollit says that "little or nothing for the benefit of trade interests can be got through the House of Commons."

The French Ministry of

M. Jonnart, the Minister of Public Works; and the Socialist Radical party would have been left in the minority, but the "Extreme Right," or Clerical party, seeing an opportunity of avenging itself on the Government for a recent incident concerning the circular of the Papal Nuncio with regard to French politics, chose to join with the Radicals of the "Left," and the Ministers were defeated by 275 votes against 225. M. Casimir Périer instantly quitted the Chamber, and went to the President of the Republic with the resignation of the Ministry. The Chamber adjourned until Monday.

Another attempted dynamite or explosive bomb outrage has been discovered in Paris, on Monday evening, May 21, in the Avenue Niel, at the dwelling of two priests—the Abbé Garnier and his brother. Such a murderous apparatus, with the fuse ignited, was placed at his door by two men unknown; but the *concierge*, a brave man named Chêve, extinguished the fuse with his fingers, and no harm was done. The apparatus was a tin petroleum can, with leaden tubes inside, containing chlorate powder and gunpowder.

The French Anarchist conspirator Emile Henry, who threw the explosive bomb in the Café Terminus in Paris and who also laid that placed at the Carmaux Mining Company's offices some months ago, was guillotined on May 21, at an early hour of the morning, in front of the prison of La Roquette.

On the same day, at Barcelona in Spain, six Anarchists were put to death by shooting, at the Montjuich fortress, being condemned for their part in throwing the bomb which killed many persons at the Liceo Theatre, and in the attempt to kill Marshal Campos at a military review.

A monarchical *coup d'état* has been effected in Servia by the young King Alexander, at the instigation of his father, the ex-King Milan, suspending or abolishing the Constitution of 1888, and restoring that of 1869, with a restricted election of the Skupschina, or Parliament, and with one-third of its members to be nominated by the Crown. M. Nicolas Christich is appointed President of the new Council of State.

In the United States of America, especially in Pennsylvania and the western part of New York State, floods and overflowing rivers have caused great damage over a large extent of country near the Alleghany mountains, and several towns on the Susquehanna, which rose 31 ft., were completely inundated.

Two violent shocks of earthquake were felt in New Zealand on May 21, the severest at Wellington, shaking all the houses and damaging some buildings; also, in a less degree, in the provinces of Taranaki and Nelson, and at Christchurch, Canterbury.

A treaty has been concluded between Great Britain and the Congo Free State (Belgian), whereby England is to lease to the Congo State, during the life of King Leopold II. of Belgium, a vast tract of Eastern Equatorial Africa, comprising the Bahr-el-Gazal and Emin Pasha's former province of the Upper White Nile, within the British sphere of influence.

THE QUEEN, ARMY, AND YEOMANRY.

Her Majesty, on Thursday, May 17, visited the Aldershot Camp, was met there by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief, and reviewed on Laffan's Plain the troops of the Aldershot Division under command of the Duke of Connaught. The Queen was accompanied by the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Duchess of Connaught, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Alix of Hesse, and other ladies of the royal family. The troops, numbering eleven or twelve thousand, formed three brigades of infantry and a cavalry brigade, with two brigade divisions of field artillery, the Horse Artillery, Royal Engineers, and Army Service Corps, a battalion of Sandhurst cadets, and a Militia brigade. They marched past the Queen at the saluting-point, led by the Duke of Connaught with his headquarters staff. The cavalry, under Sir Baker Russell, consisting of the 1st Dragoon Guards, the 2nd Dragoon Guards (Scots Greys), and the 4th Hussars, were much admired.

On the next day, Friday, May 18, in Windsor Great Park, the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Princess Beatrice, Princess Alix of Hesse, and Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, reviewed the 1st Brigade of Yeomanry Cavalry, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Kenyon Mitford. This brigade, consisting

of the Royal Berkshire Yeomanry, under Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. O. Craven, and the Middlesex Yeomanry Hussars, under Major Lambert, was encamped on the exercise-ground of the Household Cavalry near Queen Anne's Drive, where the royal standard was hoisted. The yeomanry cavalry marched past, with the regimental bands. This is the first brigade of yeomanry assembled under the new regulations for the present season.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO MANCHESTER: TRIUMPHAL ARCH IN CROSS STREET.

afternoon and stayed three hours for the opening of the Ship Canal. Leaving Manchester at half-past seven, her Majesty resumed her journey to Scotland, and arrived at Balmoral at half-past nine.

The Prince of Wales, on Monday, May 21, went to Chobham, accompanied by Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, to visit the Gordon Boys' Home, where he was received by Field-Marshal Sir Lintorn Simmons, chairman of the executive committee, attended the dedication, by the Bishop of Winchester, of the new chapel erected in memory of the late Duke of Clarence, and unveiled the memorial tablet. His Royal Highness returned to London, and in the evening, at Marlborough House, was joined by the Princess of Wales and her daughters from Sandringham.

On May 21, at Marlborough House, the Duke of York was invested with the Spanish Order of the Golden Fleece by the Prince of Wales, acting for the Queen-Regent of Spain.

The Duke of York on May 21 was elected Master of the Trinity House Corporation, which has the care of all the lighthouses and buoys on the coasts of the United Kingdom, his Royal Highness filling the place of his uncle, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who has been Master since 1866.

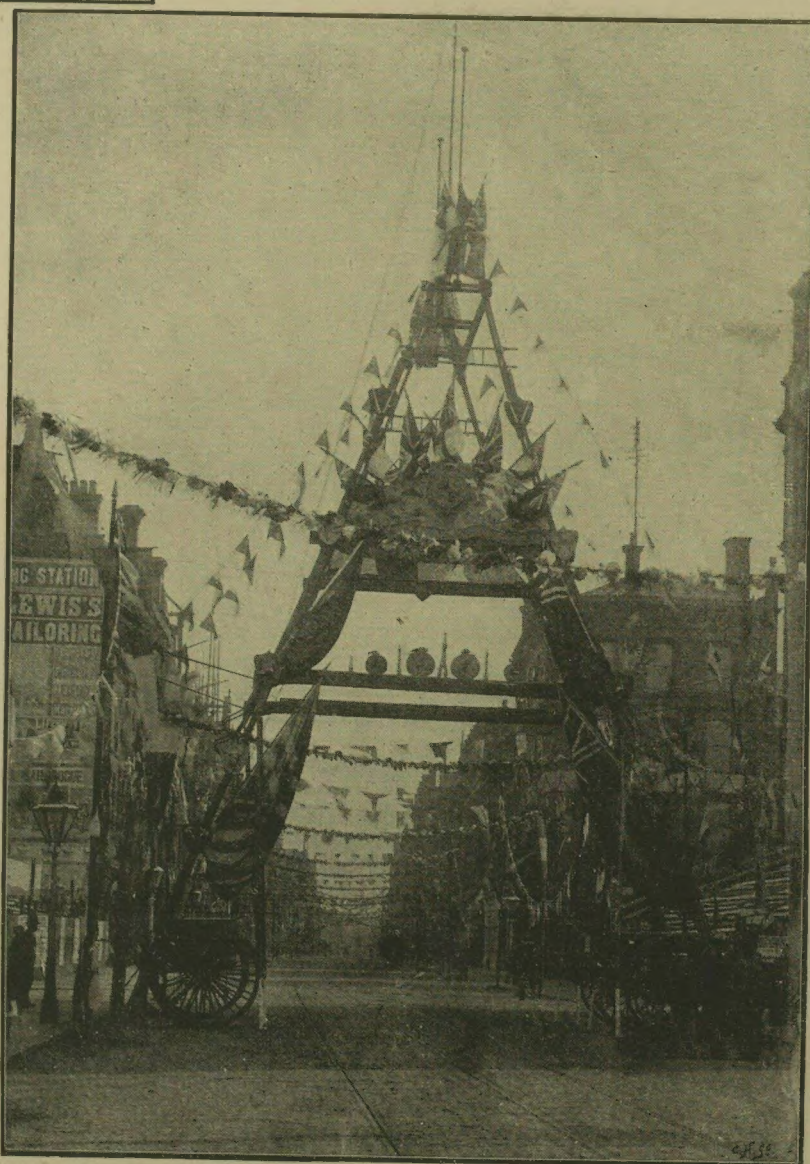
On Saturday, May 19, the Duke of York, with the Duchess of York, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck, visited Richmond, where his Royal Highness received addresses from the Mayor and Corporation of that town and from the Thames Conservancy Board, and opened the new footbridge, lock, and weir constructed there to regulate the tidal flow of water, and for the accommodation of passengers across the river as well as for the improvement of boating and navigation. Sir F. Nicholson, of the Thames Conservancy, Mr. C. J. More, the engineer, Mr. R. C. Rapier, constructor of the bridge and sluices, Mr. F. G. M. Stoney, inventor of the sluices, and others engaged in this work, were presented to his Royal Highness.

The Queen has conferred knighthood upon Alderman Jerome Murch, of Bath, who is eighty-five years old, and has offered the same honour to Dr. John Charles Bucknill, M.D., formerly a Commissioner of Lunacy, and to Mr. Isaac Pitman, of Bath, inventor of the phonography system of shorthand.

The Duke of Cambridge presided, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha was present on May 19, at the annual dinner in aid of the Charing Cross Hospital, which has to meet a deficiency of £11,000 in its funds, and is most deserving of public support.

The Duchess of Albany on May 22 opened an industrial exhibition of work by the children of the Lambeth Band of Hope Union, in Camberwell New Road.

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein on May 22 opened the summer sale of the Royal School of Art Needlework at South Kensington.



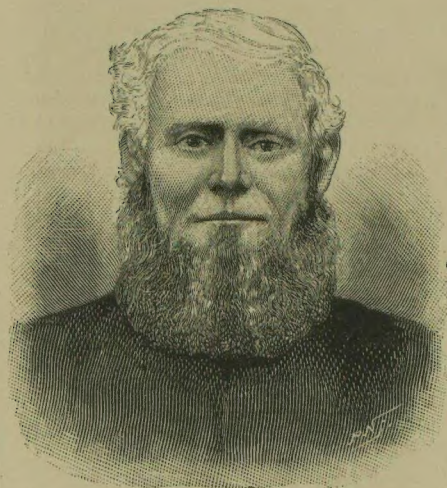
ARCH FORMED OF FIRE-ESCAPES IN DEANSGATE.

From Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

M. Casimir Périer has been compelled suddenly to resign office. In the Chamber of Deputies on Tuesday, May 22, a motion was made calling on the Government to permit all the men employed on the State railways to come to Paris on Thursday for a "National Congress of the Federated Syndicates" upon the question of eight hours' labour daily, and to instruct all the railway companies to grant a similar permission. This was refused by

PERSONAL.

The name of Dr. Richard Morris, who died at Harold Wood on May 12, in his sixty-first year, is familiar to a wide public in connection with his "English Grammar" and other schoolbooks, but within the limited circle of philologists he was known as one of the highest authorities both in Early English and in Pali, the sacred language of Buddhism.



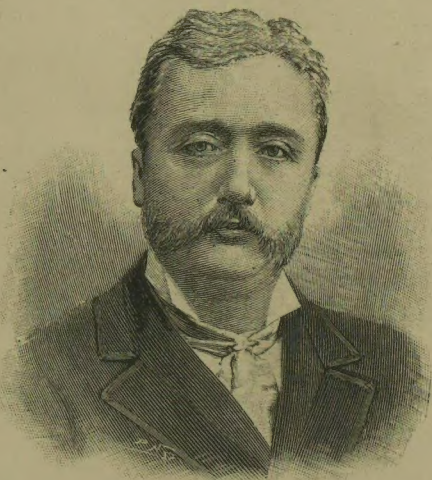
THE LATE DR. RICHARD MORRIS.

A scholar by instinct, self-taught and ardent, he took up the study of Anglo-Saxon, and found time, while earning his bread as a teacher, to edit a long series of manuscripts for the Early English Text Society, and to bring out scholarly editions of Chaucer and Spenser. He was, in truth, the pioneer of the Renaissance of our forgotten literature, brightening it with luminous criticism and clearing away obscurities by the scientific method, which applied to language, explains its changes and development. His presidential addresses to the Philological Society are models of learned matter lightly conveyed, and when, forsaking his first love, he turned to Pali, he solved many a crux that had long puzzled older students. The list of his works, original and edited, fills a four-page pamphlet, but, save his popular grammars, none of these brought him money. Next to his love of knowledge was his eagerness to place it at the service of others, and these, as they remember him, will be in doubt whether to think of him most as the brilliant scholar or as the best of good company. Archbishop Tait, at the instance of Archbishop Trench, gave Morris the Lambeth degree of LL.D. in 1870, and Oxford conferred an honorary M.A. upon him in 1874.

None of the birthday honours will give greater pleasure to a very large circle of workers than the knighthood which is to be conferred on Mr. Isaac Pitman. This veteran of phonography has reached the ripe age of eighty-one. It is seven years since he was the most conspicuous figure at the celebration of the jubilee of phonography, when Lord Rosebery gave a diverting account of his efforts to learn shorthand. Mr. Pitman is inseparably associated with a system of shorthand-writing which is distinguished by what we may call an æsthetic ingenuity. Even those who have long ceased to write it recall its exquisite combinations with artistic rapture. Its venerable inventor has shown a great desire to revolutionise the English language by the adoption of phonetic spelling. That appalling project may be forgiven him, in the satisfaction with which the recognition by the Queen of his services to journalism will be hailed all over the country.

Mr. Labouchere's desire to regulate the chimney-sweeps has nothing to do, as some people seem to have supposed, with his famous proposal to send five hundred of them to the House of Lords. One of the chief provisions of his Bill aims at the restraint of sweeps who made the early morning hideous with professional cries. Every sweep must have a certificate, and he must make his qualifications known by some other means than that of waking nervous sleepers by bawling. This is a commendable attempt to deal with London noises; and perhaps Mr. Labouchere will follow it up with another Bill making all street howling a penal offence. There are bands of criminals who go about destroying the nerves of the community by screeching in pure "cussedness." They ought to be fined or laid by the heels.

The death on May 16 of Mr. T. B. Browne, head of the great advertisement agency business established in Queen Victoria Street, City, which has become a powerful vehicle of publicity for trade announcements through the periodical Press, is regretted by numerous friends and customers, the more so as he was in the prime of life, forty-eight years of age, and his energy was unimpaired till a sudden illness cut short a career of original and successful enterprise begun only twenty years ago. Besides the advertising agency, he carried on large operations in arranging for trade illustrations of an artistic character, by electro-etching processes and other methods, which have of late become such an important aid to commercial and manufacturing renown. In earlier life, Mr. Browne



THE LATE MR. T. B. BROWNE.

acted for Messrs. Horniman, the tea-dealers, in the management of their advertisements, before the profession of general agent for this purpose was distinctly recognised.

The melancholy and even tragic death of Mr. Edmund Yates recalls to us the article which he wrote in the Jubilee Number of *The Illustrated London News*, in May 1892. In that pleasant gossip he recounted his earliest relations with this Journal, which began with the Christmas Number of 1853. He received two "blocks"—a snowballing scene and a mistletoe-seller—with instructions to write a story round them, after the pleasant fashion of Christmas fiction in those primitive times. Edmund Yates was then twenty-two, a clerk in the Post Office, and his greatest friend was Albert Smith, who was untiring in his efforts to procure employment for the young writer. Soon after that, Edmund Yates's pen was never idle, and he was a considerable person in the world of journalism when he had the famous quarrel with Thackeray, which has long passed into that mellow stage where nobody troubles to decide the merits of personal controversies. It makes an interesting chapter in Mr. Yates's "Recollections," one of the most entertaining pieces of literary autobiography in our generation.

But it was not till he founded the *World* that Edmund Yates filled his real place in contemporary life. As a journalist he had a perfect genius for actuality, and he was the first to see that a paper which gave a local habitation and a name to what is called personal journalism, a paper, moreover, which chronicled the fleeting humours of "society" from week to week, was indispensable to the gaiety of nations. The project was immediately and brilliantly successful. Mr. Yates has had many imitators in this field during the last twenty years, but none of them ever surpassed him in dexterity, lightness of touch, and *savoir faire*. Personally, Edmund Yates was "ever a fighter"; he inherited traditions of a period when Fleet Street was more bellicose than it is now. Some of his exploits with a pen which could, on occasion, assume the

properties both of sword and cudgel may seem rather startling to a pacific generation. But he was a staunch friend and ally, and his sudden death is sincerely mourned by many who knew him well.

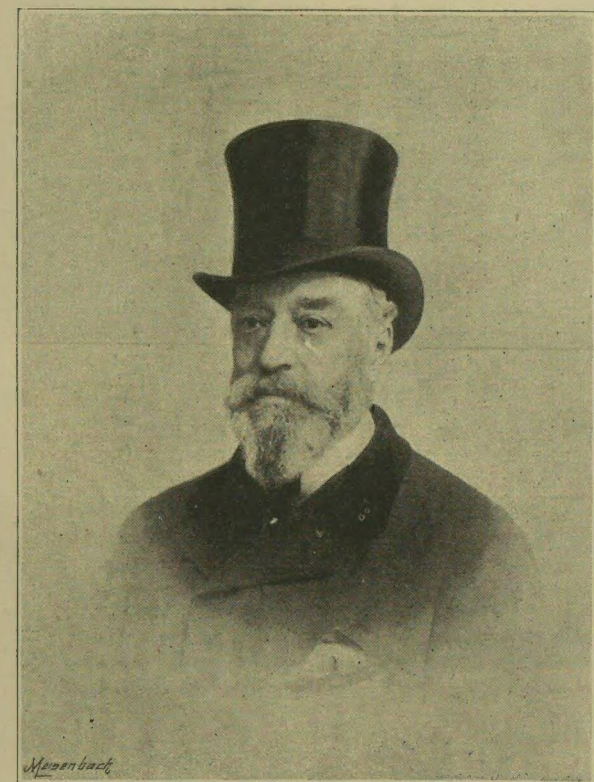


Photo by Suscipi, Rome.

THE LATE MR. EDMUND YATES.

The Right Rev. Sydney Linton, news of whose unexpected death has been received from Melbourne, was the first Bishop of Riverina, a diocese in Australia formed in 1884. His work was almost entirely that of a pioneer, but he has laid the foundations of the Church on sound and solid lines, and his successor will find the diocese thoroughly well organised. But Dr. Linton's life in the Colonies was by no means an easy one, and his episcopal tours had to be conducted under difficult circumstances. It was not often that he could travel by train; his journeys were more frequently made by coach or buggy. But everywhere he went he was received with great cordiality, and the farmers at the different stations hospitably entertained him. On one of his recent tours he was attacked by influenza, but he would not give in, and although his voice had almost disappeared he managed to give an exposition at a station where he lunched, an address at a service for some farmers further on, and a sermon in the evening at another place, "though feeling," as he said, "only fit for bed." His services in the outlying districts were especially well attended, the farmers often travelling from ten to fifteen miles to be present. Neither the Bishop nor his work was much known in England, but those who watched his career feel that the Church in Australia has lost an able Bishop, a self-sacrificing worker, and a loyal and faithful friend. The deceased Bishop was the son of Canon Linton, an Evangelical clergyman of repute. He was educated at Rugby and at Oxford, where he took honours. He had a ministerial experience of seventeen years in England before going to Australia, first, as Curate of St. Mark's, Cheltenham; then as Vicar of Holy Trinity, Oxford, and finally as Vicar of St. Philip's, Norwich. A career of some promise was open to him at home had he chosen to remain, but he felt called to work abroad, and he cheerfully sacrificed himself. He has left a widow—a daughter of Canon Heurtley of Oxford—and a young family to mourn his loss.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

The return of her Majesty's faithful Commons to public business has been marked by one or two portents. After the first division on a vote in Supply a member rose, and in awe-struck accents informed the Chair that the bell had not rung in the Library. Only by some accident had this legislator become aware that Post Office buildings were at stake, otherwise he would have remained absorbed in the story of Magna Charta, with which, I believe, members always fortify their sense of public duty in the intervals of debate. Why the bell did not ring was not explained. Perhaps it had forgotten all about the end of the recess; perhaps Mr. Gibson Bowles has some theory which will trace the incident to the manifold iniquities of the Government. The member for King's Lynn, refreshed by his holiday, unveiled a new crime and misdemeanour of the front bench opposite. Why had so much money been expended on the post offices at Leeds and Nottingham? Was it to curry favour with the constituents of Mr. Herbert Gladstone and Mr. Arnold Morley? Here a tormented Government meekly pointed out that the expenditure in question had been undertaken by the late Conservative Ministry, a reply which was obviously inadequate. From this point the discussion wandered into incredible details about Government buildings in general. People who have not listened to the faithful Commons in Supply have no idea of their capacity for spending hours on the most infinitesimal matters connected with the application of public money. Of course, this discursiveness is wholly due to zeal for economy and for the efficient service of the country. How can Supply be properly considered if all the draughts in public buildings are not classified, divided, and subdivided by legislators who give their lives to the welfare of the nation?

But I am coming to the second of the two portents which have signalled the reassembling of Parliament. After much cry and little wool in Supply, the faithful Commons plunged into the Scotch Local Government Bill. It was natural that Sir Charles Pearson should choose this occasion to bring two Scotch ladies to the House. He took them as far as the glass door in the lobby, where they could get a glimpse of the proceedings, while he went inside to procure from the Serjeant-at-Arms the usual tickets for admission to the Ladies' Gallery. This, at all events, I divined to be his purpose; but figure my amazement when I beheld the intrepid ladies boldly marching in after him till they almost reached the bar! Such a spectacle had never been seen in the House before. The few Scotch members who were present were too paralysed to cry "Order!" and the attendants at the door, who rushed in and prevented the intruders from proceeding any further, were evidently much agitated. Had they not shown some presence of mind, it is impossible to say where the progress of this Amazonian phalanx from beyond the Tweed would have ended. Some men looked at one another and turned pale. Was this an augury of the time when lovely woman would invade the House in force and assert her supremacy on the green benches? Possibly it was this disturbing idea which upset the nerves of some worthy Scotch gentlemen, and caused them to advance singular propositions. Sir Charles Cameron, for instance, was heard to remark several times, "I used to introduce this Bill," before he discovered that the measure under discussion was not his familiar progeny. He was also understood to state that some argument "cannons against those—er—those—er," a hesitation which suggested that he was endeavouring to explain a novel stroke in Parliamentary billiards. Presently, however, he reconstructed the sentence, and then it appeared that the argument in question "sins against those canons" which ought to be accepted by every well-regulated mind. But the climax of the marvellous was reached by a speaker who talked of "Scotch liberality tempered by prudence." The House sat and gasped at this vision of the typical Scotchman putting prudential checks on his native generosity.

Meanwhile, the Treasury bench wore the aspect of Scottish scenery enveloped in a national mist. You could just discern the figures of Sir George Trevelyan and the Lord Advocate sitting close together as if for mutual shelter and protection, what time Mr. Hozier demanded explanations of perfectly astounding things he had read in the Bill, and Sir Charles Cameron, for the comfort of his right honourable friends, cheerily observed that it was necessary for somebody to point out the merits of the Ministerial proposals. At this a faintly ironical cheer rose from Mr. Parker Smith, while the forms of the Lord Advocate and Sir George Trevelyan seemed to grow mistier than ever. Evidently the Scotch Local Government Bill did not excite wild enthusiasm in Caledonian bosoms. There was a suggestion, moreover, that the Ministerial forces lacked that driving impulse without which the machinery of public affairs cannot be worked with facility. There is a prevailing limpness as of men who feel themselves insecure, and are not quite sure that they have nerve enough to face their difficulties. Sir William Harcourt appears disposed to resume his habit of refreshing himself by occasional absence, and his features wear an air of meditation on a majority of fourteen. All this may be changed by strenuous battle over the Budget, but at present Ministers look as if they were shivering under the inclemency of the political elements.

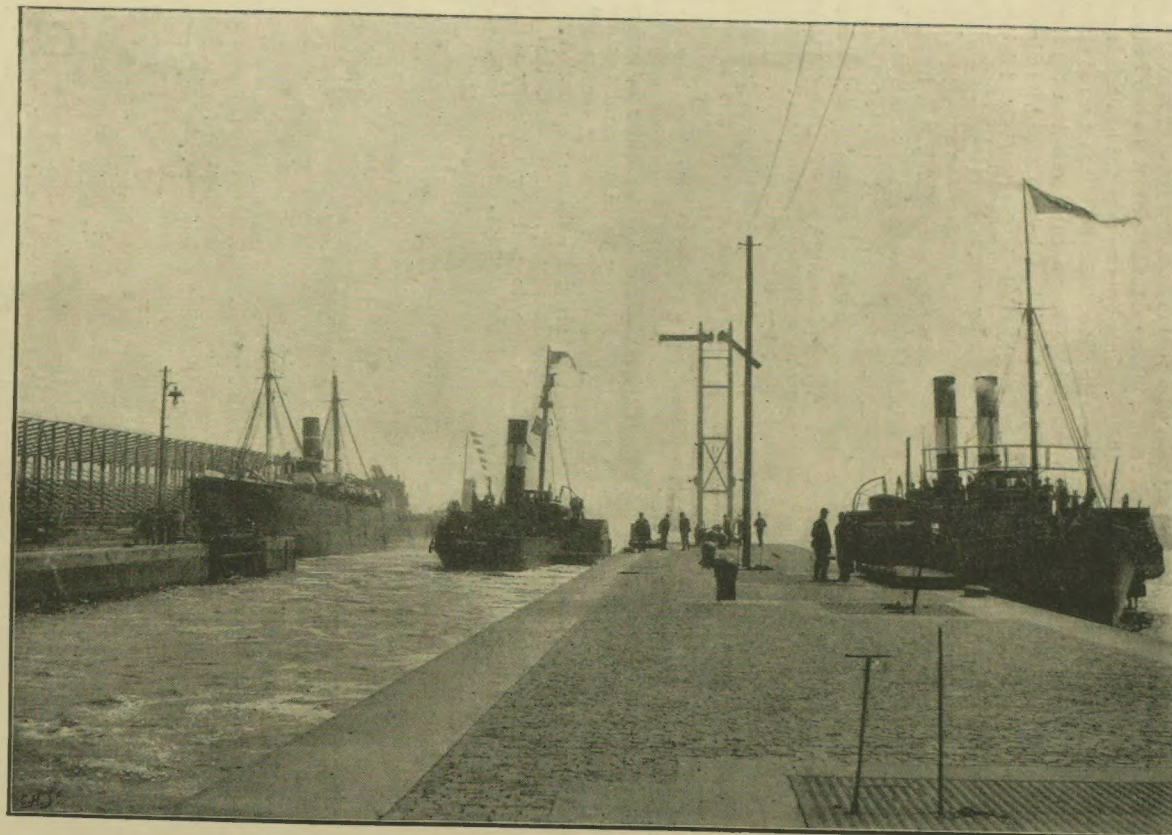
The stream of American visitors to Europe grows in volume every year, and as the chief desire of most of them is to visit Italy, the Cunard Company are said to be considering the expediency of establishing a direct service between New York and Naples for part of the year. This would be a great advantage to Americans who do not want to come to England, for they would be saved the additional expense entailed by the route from London to Italy, and the voyage to Naples would cost them no more than the voyage to Liverpool or Southampton.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO MANCHESTER.

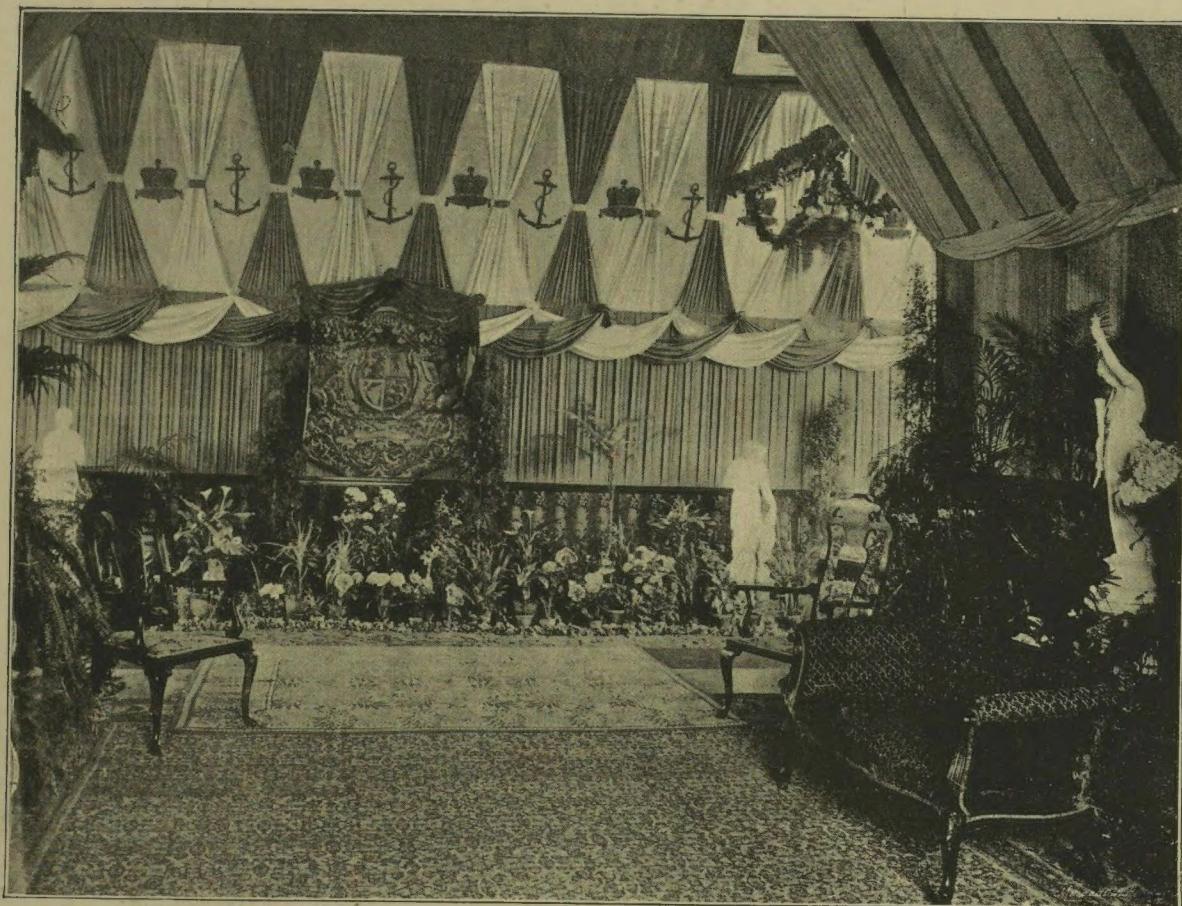
From Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.



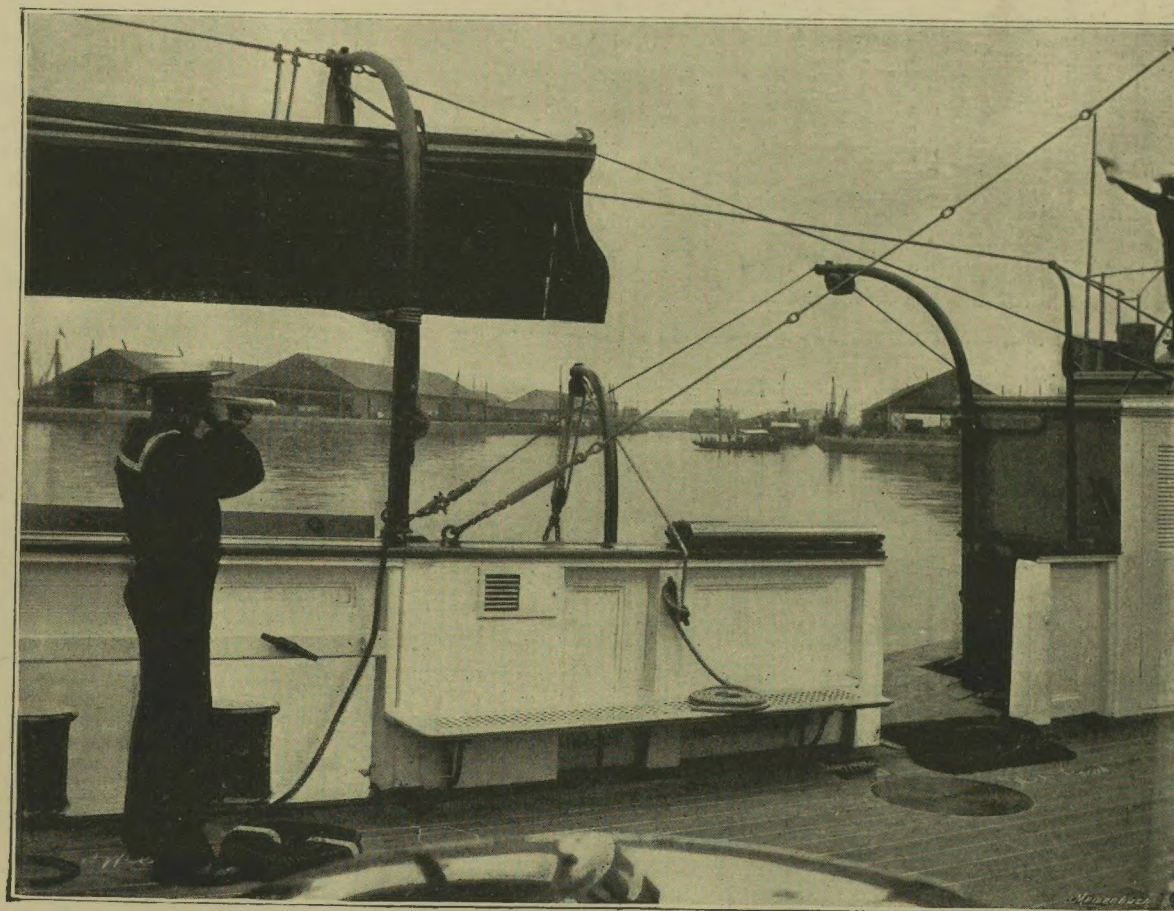
SUNDAY MORNING ON BOARD THE QUEEN'S YACHT.



OUTWARD AND HOMEWARD BOUND: THE OPENING OF MODE WHEEL LOCK.



THE ROYAL PAVILION.



SALFORD DOCKS, AS SEEN FROM THE QUEEN'S YACHT.



By W. E. NORRIS.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER XV.

VERONICA'S REPLY.

No man can give clearer proof that he possesses a well-balanced mind than by showing himself ready to listen to the opinions of his juniors, who may not be experienced as he, yet may quite possibly be more acute; and it is noticeable that the greatest generals, statesmen, and other leaders of their fellow-mortals have always displayed this modest toleration. Only dull people are under the delusion that they necessarily become more clever as they grow older. Horace Trevor, therefore, being modest enough to believe that he was very dull indeed, thought it quite upon the cards that Joe Dimsdale might take the right view of the situation (at all events in so far as it behoved him to fire a shot before running away), and he would have been glad to pursue the subject as he strolled homewards with his juvenile but sapient adviser. But Joe, who had said all that he had to say, preferred to discuss the best means to be adopted for discouraging the use of barbed wire—a very serious question, as to which he had ideas of his own and desired to promulgate them. He said—

"What you have to make up your minds to is that there must be no difficulty about the damage fund. Of course claims are sent in for turkeys that never were hatched and gates and hurdles that never existed, but it's a good deal cheaper to pay what you don't owe than to have your neck broken and your best hounds killed. It isn't a bit of good to tell farmers that hunting brings money into the country; you must have a civil word for each of them when they come out and you mustn't ask too many questions about their losses. Once get them on your side, and you won't be bothered with that murderous wire, the inventor of which, I grant you, would be flayed alive if he got his deserts."

To these and other sage observations of a like nature Horace returned an absent-minded assent. His eyes were wandering hither and thither across the grey, level landscape, as if in search of something, although he had no conscious anticipation of discerning the tall feminine figure which presently came within the range of his vision. But when he saw that it was really Veronica who was approaching them—and who, as a matter of fact, was on her way home from the village, after fulfilling one of her duties by visiting the poor—he was seized with an absurd panic and would fain have taken to his heels. After what had passed, it seemed to him that he must at once act upon the advice that he had received; so he said hurriedly: "Stick to me, there's a good chap! I ain't ready yet."

Joe stared, and then burst out laughing; but he had no time to give the required promise—or, at any rate, he didn't give it—before Veronica was within earshot and raised her voice to inquire what sport they had had.

"Middling, my dear, only middling, I am sorry to tell you," he replied. "Trevor is no use this afternoon, and it saddens me to shoot with a man who is no use; so we're toddling home, although the light will last for a good three-quarters of an hour more."

"I am glad of that," remarked Veronica, drawing nearer and joining them; "I am always glad when the poor birds get off, even if it only means that they will live to die another day. Why can't you shoot at glass balls or clay pigeons? They are quite as difficult to hit, aren't they?"

"A pigeon-shot is one thing and a game-shot is another," answered Joe didactically. "You might just as well say that it is as difficult to write prose as poetry, by way of putting the extinguisher upon all poets—and I daresay strength would be given me to bear it if you did extinguish the lot. Now, I'll tell you what it is, Veronica: you know you can't convert me, because you have so often tried, without a shred of



The faithless young reprobate strode off then and there.

success. Suppose you bring your powerful arguments to bear upon Trevor, who has an open mind—because he isn't really fond of shooting at all—while I nip back for half an hour and see whether I can't bring conviction home to a few more snipe."

The faithless young reprobate strode off then and there. He even had the impudence to glance back over his shoulder with a wink at the comrade whom he had thus basely left in the lurch, and who gave a great gasp of despair.

But Veronica, innocent of this by-play, was very willing to let him depart in peace. During the earlier part of the afternoon she had been thinking that she ought to let Horace know how completely their amicable understanding had been misinterpreted by the general public, and this appeared to be as good an opportunity as another for setting him upon his guard. However, she had not yet hit upon an easy and natural method of leading up to the subject when he forestalled her by blurting out—

"I say!—I'm afraid I shall have to leave you before long. I've enjoyed myself awfully, and I'm sure you have done all you could to give me a real good time of it; but—but, in fact, I find it won't do!"

"I hope," said Veronica, her face clouding over a little, "that you are not going back to the old ridiculous mistake that you made in London."

"Oh, well, if you call it a mistake!—"

"It *was* a mistake," Veronica asserted, rather fiercely; "you might accept my word for that, I think. Surely I ought to know!"

"I don't doubt your word; I never doubted it for a moment," returned Horace. "As far as that goes, I am not sure that I ever made the mistake you mean. Still, you know—"

"I know that everybody assumes we are either engaged to be married or going to be engaged, and I was going to speak to you about it. It is very unpleasant, and, for some reasons, I should not be at all sorry if you were to go away soon. Only there are other reasons which make me wish that you could stay a little longer."

"I'm useful, I suppose," said Horace, a trifle bitterly. "Aunt Julia is never weary of telling me how useful I am. Well, goodness knows I ask nothing better than to be of use to you. All the same, I doubt whether it's quite honest, and I'm beginning to feel that it's quite impossible, to keep up this pretence."

"I am with you there," agreed Veronica more composedly. "I think it has gone on long enough, and we should have done better never to let it begin; but what is to be done? Shall I speak to Aunt Julia or will you?"

"I don't care a brass farthing what Aunt Julia may believe or wish for," the young man returned. "You don't seem to understand what I mean. The intolerable thing to me is that I have been keeping up, or trying to keep up, a pretence with *you*. Upon my honour, I wouldn't have come here when you asked me if I hadn't thought it would be all right; but—it isn't all right, Veronica, and I ought to have known that it wouldn't be. I'm very sorry for it, that's all I can say. After all, I don't see that I am so very much to blame."

Veronica stood still, and wonderingly took stock of her agitated companion. His fatuity seemed almost incredible; yet if he did not mean that he was still solicitous lest her maiden affections should have been bestowed upon one who was unable to reciprocate them, it was difficult to comprehend what he did mean.

"What *are* you talking about?" she asked at length.

"I suppose you know," he answered; "it is the old mistake, as you are pleased to call it. My idea was that, after having been away all this time, I should be able to do as you wished and behave as if nothing had happened; but really it's more than flesh and blood can stand! We shall still be friends, I hope—why shouldn't we?—but I can't stay under your roof and eat your bread any longer. At any rate, not for the present. I can't let you suppose that I have changed, or shall ever change. Joe has been favouring me with his advice this afternoon, and I believe he is right. I ought to propose to you in due form and be rejected in due form. Then it will be only the natural and proper thing for me to go away and remain away until—until you marry some other fellow."

"I can't imagine," said Veronica loftily, "what reason Joe can have had for giving you such advice as that. Why is it necessary for you to be rejected, and why should it be necessary for you to propose to me?"

"Only because I love you," returned Horace, turning rather red in the face (for he thought she might have been a little more kind to him, considering the painful predicament in which he was placed). "I take it that most people would consider that a sufficient reason."

Veronica started away from his side with a quick gesture of dismay.

"Oh, Horace!" she exclaimed, "you don't really mean that, do you? What a dreadfully unfortunate complication it would make if it were true!"

"Mean it!" he returned, a little resentfully. "As if you didn't know that I meant it! Didn't you tell me so in London, when you said that you were disappointed in me, and that we were to consider the whole incident wiped out, and all that? Well, the long and the short of it is that I have done my best to oblige you, and that I haven't succeeded. You are the only woman in the world for me, Veronica, and you have told me already that if I were the only man in the world you wouldn't marry me. All you have to do now is to say that again, and I'll be off to-morrow morning. It is better for you and better for me that the truth should be put into plain words which can be repeated to other people. Then everybody will feel that there is no more to be said."

"But, indeed, there is a great deal more to be said," Veronica declared. "You have so taken me by surprise that I hardly know how or where to begin; and if I did not thoroughly trust you—however, I am sure I may trust you.

It was I who made a mistake in London. I thought, when you spoke, that you were alluding to something altogether different. I thought—was I really wrong?—that the woman whom you would marry, if you could afford to marry her, was Dolly Cradock."

"Dolly Cradock!" ejaculated Horace scornfully; and the fact is that, at the moment, he had no recollection at all of those tender passages by the light of the moon which had been recorded against him.

"Yes; I certainly thought so, and I have based all my projects upon that presumption. She is coming here soon, and I may as well tell you now that I counted upon her to help me in bringing about my heart's desire, which is to see you established where you ought to be—as master of all this land. Don't interrupt; I quite understand that you wouldn't accept it as a gift from me, but you might have been induced to accept it—at any rate, I hoped you would—as a sort of marriage-portion, without which you would have had to relinquish her. And now the relinquishing will have to be done by me, for I must give up my scheme. Oh! there is no need for you to tell me that. You would never have said that you loved me unless it had been a fact—only it is a most unfortunate and vexatious fact."

Unquestionably it was, and Horace could not but feel it to be so, although he deemed it due to himself to explain quite clearly to Veronica that under no imaginable circumstances could he have consented to deprive her of an acre of the land upon which they were standing. He wound up a forcible statement to that effect by remarking—

"I don't know what extraordinary notions you can have taken into your head, or what you can have supposed that I have been driving at all this time; but I am glad, at least, that you don't doubt my love. Most girls would have suspected that I had been a humbug from first to last, and that the property was what I had had my eye upon all along; and I shouldn't have been entitled to reproach you if you had been like most girls. But, of course, you aren't," he concluded with a sigh.

Veronica walked on for some twenty or thirty yards without speaking. "So this was what you meant me to understand that day when you came to lunch in South Audley Street!" she ejaculated at length—and, somehow, the explanation was not wholly unpleasant to her. "What an ungrateful wretch you must have thought me!"

"Oh, no, Veronica; I didn't think that," he answered, laughing a little; "it was hardly a case for gratitude, was it? But I confess that I did think you were rather more severe with me than I had deserved. One can't very well help these things, you see, and as soon as ever I realised my danger, I tried to give you a wide berth. What, of course, I had no business to do was to come here; but, as I said before, I honestly believed it would be all right. And now I can't help agreeing with Joe that the most straightforward plan is to speak out. You refuse me, I take myself off, and there's an end of it."

"Did Joe assume that I should refuse you?" Veronica inquired.

"Well, no; to tell you the truth he didn't. He is only a boy, and you can no more expect him to look at the matter from our point of view than you can expect it of Aunt Julia and the General, who are old and more or less sensible. Naturally, he sees what they see—that our marriage would make things very comfortable all round."

"But that is just what I have always seen myself," observed Veronica reflectively. "I treated it as being out of the question because I was persuaded that you really cared for Dolly Cradock; but if you are sure—quite sure—that it is not so, it would make a difference."

"A difference!" gasped the young man, who could hardly believe his ears. "Oh, Veronica, is it possible—do you actually mean that you could care for me enough to marry me?"

Veronica smiled. "Why not?" she asked. "I care a great deal for you—more than I do for anybody else, I think, except, perhaps, Joseph. Ah! but stop a moment!" she continued, as Horace let his gun slip from his grasp and made a sudden attempt to seize her by both hands. "Hear me out before you make up your mind to accept all I have to offer. I am not in love with you; I don't even know what the sensation means. Yes, you may look incredulous, but it is a fact that I have never been in love in my life, and although I dare say no man of my age is in the same case, probably a good many girls are. It would be better if I could say that I have lost my heart to you; but there is no use in saying what is not true. Can you be satisfied with a promise that I will try to be a good wife to you and that I like you well enough to be extremely happy with you?"

It is doubtful whether such terms have ever yet been rejected by an ardent lover. Who does not hope for the best and feel a slight complacent confidence in himself when he is assured that he has no rival? What might have given Horace pause was the reflection that the other party to this somewhat one-sided bargain was just the sort of person to disregard her own wishes and interests; but one cannot think of everything at a moment's notice, and there was only room in his mind for an immense thankfulness. The woman whom he adored was willing to marry him!—what remained but to execute capers and indulge in demonstrations which had to be promptly checked?

Veronica said that there must not be anything of that kind, please. This was not a love-match—at any rate, she could not personally regard it in that light yet—and she hoped he would be kind enough not to alter his demeanour towards her in any way for the present.

"I am very glad that you care for me, and very much flattered," she declared, "for the looking-glass tells me every morning how few attractions I have; but I can't make myself feel what I don't feel. You must have patience with me."

Horace did not hesitate to affirm that his patience would be found equal to that of Job. It never occurred to him to

ask why, under the circumstances, she should consent to become his wife; nor, oddly enough, did he make any allusion to the money and lands over which he would now exercise the rights of mastership.

In this last particular, however, his instincts were probably sound. Veronica knew very well that he was not actuated by sordid motives, and she would most likely have been hurt if he had thought it needful to enter a plea of "Not Guilty."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE UNDESIRABLE GUEST.

A joyous and exultant woman was Mrs. Mansfield that evening. She said to herself, and she took pen and paper henceforth for the purpose of saying through the post to Lord Chippingham, that she had known quite well all along how it would be. Nothing had been required except a little judicious management and masterly inaction, both of which excellent methods she ventured to think that she had employed with success. Veronica, no doubt, was a difficult subject for experiment, and Horace (by reason of his exaggerated conscientiousness) not so easy as the general run of young men; still they had both been made to walk along the track marked out for them by Providence, and, for all her natural modesty, she could not but recognise that Providence had found in her a valuable auxiliary. But in speaking to the bride-elect she was careful to abstain from any approach to boastfulness.

"You have made your own choice, my dear, and in my opinion you have chosen most wisely," was all that she said, after the embracings appropriate to the occasion had been gone through. To which Veronica responded demurely, "I was sure you would think so."

"No one knowing Horace Trevor as well as I do could help thinking so. Even poor dear Samuel did not contrive to make him turn out badly; although, with the restrictions that were placed upon him, he might have been expected to run as wild as the son of an Evangelical clergyman. You will have one of the very best husbands in England, Veronica, and I only hope you appreciate your good luck. The one thing that I should make so bold as to recommend—because it is always best that the husband should be master—is that you should transfer your estate to him on your wedding day. But of course you will do as you please about that."

Veronica fully intended to act in the manner suggested, and she had no doubt at all that her future lord and master would prove a kind one. To be sure, she was not in love with him, nor was she able to regard him with any special veneration; but these were trifles in comparison with the really important and most fortunate fact that he had become enamoured of her. To have turned her back upon so grand an opportunity of undoing the mischief wrought by a perverse testator would have been nothing short of criminal folly. Moreover, she was quite fond enough of Horace for all practical purposes. She did not intend to take her cue from him in matters of opinion, nor, she imagined, would he beseech unreasonable as to expect that from her. On the contrary, it was far more likely that his opinion would be modified and influenced by hers. But she was more than willing to make him a wedding present of her landed property, while she thought it would probably be as well to hand him over three fourths of her personality into the bargain. Some proportion of her income it would be advisable for her to retain, on account of Joseph and of the good folks at Harbury Vale.

The good folks at Harbury Vale wrote to congratulate her in language which bore all the impress of heartfelt sincerity. "In every respect suitable and desirable," was the comment of the Reverend John, who added that nothing would give him greater satisfaction than to officiate at a ceremony for which no date had as yet been appointed. Mrs. Dimsdale, for her part, called Heaven to witness that what she had been hoping and praying for ever since her dear niece had first been removed from her care had now come to pass. "And it was impossible to feel any confidence about it, because I knew that you would never be swayed in the least by considerations of expediency, dear, and that nothing would induce you to marry a man whom you do not love."

If this last assertion caused Veronica to wince for a moment, it did not shake her faith in the wisdom of the course to which she was committed, and she had the comfort of being cordially approved of by Joe, for whose judgment she had more respect than she had for that of her aunt.

Joe was about to return to Lincolnshire, having reached the end of his holiday. Before leaving, he thought it incumbent upon him to say a few serious words to Veronica, although he had up to that moment fallen in with what was evidently her wish, and had treated her engagement as a mere foregone conclusion and a subject for occasional good-humoured chaff.

"Don't overdo it, you know," said he. "It's all very fine, this refusal to make a fool of yourself and this determination to behave just as before; but Trevor, you must bear in mind, is a matter-of-fact sort of chap, and if you go on impressing upon him at every turn that you have only a lukewarm sort of affection for him, who knows whether he may not end by believing you."

"But he does believe me!" Veronica declared. "Not, of course, that my affection for him is lukewarm, which it isn't, but that it is not the kind of affection which would ever lead me to make a fool of myself. That is perfectly understood between us, and we are quite satisfied that it should be so."

"So you are pleased to say; but you see, my dear Veronica, I have had the advantage, which Trevor hasn't had, of knowing you from your youth up, and you can't deceive me. I suppose it is just possible that you may be deceiving yourself; but the real truth is that if Trevor were to throw you over now, you would be inconsolable. Consequently, as I said before, I wouldn't overdo it if I were you."

Veronica was much amused by this solemn warning; yet subsequent self-examination revealed to her the fact that it would go a deal against the grain with her to surrender

Horace to somebody else—to Dolly Cradock, for instance—and this was really quite a pleasant discovery. It did not, indeed, show that she was in love; but it seemed to show that she was by no means so indifferent to her privileges as she had fancied herself.

In truth, Horace was so scrupulous in refraining from any assertion of his own privileges, so amenable, so willing to accept whatever position she might be pleased to assign to him, that common gratitude compelled her to favour him with a larger share of her company than she might have granted had he been less diffident. Their conversations were scarcely those of lovers, but their conduct appeared to lookers-on to be all that is customary in the case of two persons so situated, and they were very happy together, discussing plans for the future and arranging how Horace was to get himself placed on the Commission of the Peace as soon as possible and create other occupations for himself, since he had no ambition to enter Parliament. By tacit mutual consent Dolly Cradock's name was not introduced into these colloquies; but one morning the post brought Veronica a communication from that young lady, who had by no means forgotten the invitation which she had accepted, and who gave notice of her imminent arrival. Veronica put this missive into her pocket and went out to the stable-yard in search of Horace, who was generally to be found there after breakfast. When she joined him he was anxiously examining the back of the dun horse, which had been slightly touched on the previous day, and it was some minutes before she could secure his undivided attention. This gave her time to reflect how different his tastes were from her own and what a much more intelligent interest her correspondent would have taken in the information which he imparted to her than she could affect. But, after all, he knew that as well as she did, and certainly he did not look in the least overjoyed when she mentioned casually, as they walked away, that Dolly Cradock was coming.

"Dolly Cradock!" he ejaculated, with a dropped jaw. "What on earth does she want here?"

"Well, I asked her, you know," answered Veronica. "Don't you remember my telling you that I had asked her?"

"Oh, yes; I think I do recollect your having said something about it; but I hoped—at least, I thought it was only a sort of vague general invitation."

"It was as precise as possible; and she means to hunt, and she expects you to mount her, too. I forget whether I told you that."

"No, you didn't tell me that. Well, she can have the bay; there isn't anything else for her. One comfort is that she does understand horses and that she can be trusted not to kill them—which is more than can be said for nine women out of ten. All the same, I rather wish she wasn't going to favour us with the light of her countenance. I suppose she has heard—eh?"

"Oh, yes; she has heard," answered Veronica, laughing a little. "It seems to me that every man, woman, and child in England has heard by this time. Anyhow, it is no fault of Aunt Julia's if a single person remains in ignorance."

"And what does she say about it?" the young man inquired, with a somewhat apprehensive glance at his betrothed.

"Nothing worth repeating," replied Veronica—for the truth was that Miss Cradock's comments had savoured of impertinence, and that she had been the least bit in the world

put out by them. "What is there to be said to people who are engaged to be married? Anybody who could invent an original remark, appropriate to the occasion, might dispose of it at a profit, I should think."

Horace did not press his question; but, after a pause, he observed meditatively, "Dolly Cradock isn't a bad sort in her way; only I can't imagine that you and she will ever hit it off together."

"Perhaps we shall not try very hard," Veronica returned; "it is rather more important just now that you should hit it off with her—and I know that you can do that. In fact, I was so certain of it a short time ago that I fully intended you to marry her and live happily ever afterwards."

Horace uttered an exclamation of reproachful protest; but

For she shook him cordially by the hand, gave him joy, and appeared to have retained no inopportune reminiscences of riverside scenes or moonlit gardens. She only indulged in one remark of which the taste struck him as a little doubtful.

"You are prepared for a few days with the hounds and me while your liberty lasts, I hope," said she, standing in the hall, where a group of Mrs. Mansfield's guests had formed itself round her. "What are you going to do about hunting after you have entered the estate of holy matrimony? Will Veronica make you drop it, or will she insist upon trying to follow you? It has generally to be the one thing or the other in cases of this kind; I notice."

Veronica hastened to reply that it was going to be neither the one thing nor the other in her case; and then, as it was time

to dress for dinner, Miss Cradock was conducted upstairs to her bedroom.

A few of the neighbours had been bidden to dinner that evening, and a good many more had been invited to join an informal dance at a later hour. Mrs. Mansfield had opined that something ought to be done in the way of mild festivity; so this entertainment had been decided upon, Veronica as enting—as, indeed, she was always ready to assent to any such proposition of her aunt's—although dancing did not happen to be a form of relaxation which had any charms for her personally. Of late years, dancing has been going rapidly out of fashion, and good dancers, as some of us who are no longer young used to know to our sorrow, were never at any time too plentiful in this favoured land. Still, there have always been a few here and there, and of this select band Dolly Cradock was a survivor. As for Horace, he could get along well enough when he had a capable, resolute partner and plenty of space; so that he quite distinguished himself on the occasion of Miss Dimsdale's first effort at county hospitality. If it was not with his arm round Miss Dimsdale's waist that he earned this well-merited distinction, he was in no way to blame for that. Veronica walked through two sets of Lancers and spent the rest of the evening in conversation, as did the majority of those whom she was exerting herself to entertain. Why, she reasonably asked, should one make oneself and everybody else uncomfortable by attempting feats which one is powerless to perform?

Why indeed! That was just what Dolly Cradock happened to be thinking at the time, and she did not acquit her hostess of having erred prodigiously in the above-named respect, notwithstanding Veronica's abstention from performances in

which she herself excelled. Dolly flattered herself that she was no mean judge of men, and she foresaw that nothing save the most extreme discomfort could come to her poor friend Horace Trevor from the alliance which it had pleased other people to arrange for him.

But she was kind enough not to tell him so. She had sat next to him at dinner, and her behaviour had been of a nature to reassure him completely. Dolly may or may not have been a good judge of men; but it is certain that Horace was a very poor judge of women, or he never would have jumped to the conclusion that his perfidy had been so readily condoned. As it was, he laughed inwardly at his vanished apprehensions, saying to himself that of course there had been no serious meaning in what had taken place some months before, and that Dolly had probably never given the subject a second thought. He therefore felt free to dance with



It was in the supper-room that Mrs. Mansfield's attention was first drawn to what she could not but regard as the manoeuvres of a young lady who had not been invited to Broxham by any wish of hers.

he did not feel quite comfortable, nor was he at all eager to enlarge upon this particular topic. Sundry episodes recurred to his memory—episodes which he had cheerfully dismissed to the limbo of forgotten and more or less deplorable things, just as a penitent who has been absolved by his father-confessor ceases to vex himself over whitewashed peccadilloes. But, now that Horace came to think of it, it did not seem so certain that he had received absolution. He might even be made to ask for it, which would be most unpleasant. Why, he wondered, had he been such an infernal ass; and to this query echo only returned the usual unmeaning and uncivil response.

However, he really might have known Dolly Cradock better than to fear that she would put forward claims which could not be upheld for a moment. As he himself had said, she was, "not a bad sort," and his esteem for her was much enhanced by her demeanour towards him when she arrived.

BABIES AND BUTTERCUPS.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I think one of the best-remembered and happiest days I ever spent in my life was one day in June, two summers ago, when my friend Arthur Pearson, who is not unknown to fame, asked me to meet him in a delightful glade in Epping Forest to assist at the start of the "Fresh Air Fund." Not only was I to meet at this romantic spot one who is the best friend London children ever had, but another old companion, Mr. John Kirk, of the Ragged School Union, who has organised for me many and many a Christmas dinner for the neglected ones of London, and has shown my charitable friends how best they can spend an overflow of cash in soup-kitchens and coal distributions in the winter instead of wasting it over "Nap" or "poker." The "Fresh Air Fund" was the happiest of happy thoughts. Children's outings are, of course, no new idea.

So he put on his considering cap, and, with the aid of Mr. John Kirk, he saw his way to taking two hundred children to Epping Forest on every day of the year! He found that if his friends and the public were charitable enough, he could take a child from London to Epping and back, and feed it, all for ninepence a head! Anyone who contributed the "nimble ninepence" could have the supreme pleasure of giving a poor little London child a treat in the country, while for less than ten pounds any lover of humanity could have a party of his own, select his own children up to two hundred, and dedicate the joyous day in the manner most agreeable to him.

Well, we all met at the rendezvous in Epping Forest, and scarcely had we greeted one another than we heard the sound of most curious music in the lovely spot where our tents had been pitched. Our fortress, filled with mighty meat-pies and buns and cake and milk, was invaded by a

Liliputian Falstaffian regiment! Some had caps, but the majority of the little heads were bare. Some had jackets, most were in shirt-sleeves, and, alas! there were ominous holes in their nether garments. Behind the marching force of London waifs and strays came a rear-guard of perambulators and go-carts, all filled with crippled children, not one of whom had ever seen a blue-bell in their weary and helpless existence. Over their heads waved the bright banners of the "Fresh Air Fund," and over the banners waved the branches of the ancestral oaks and elms of a glorious forest too little known by the Londoner.

The organisation of the "Fresh Air Fund" was a complete success, and we who were interested in it induced popular favourites and clever ladies to entertain the children in the Forest. Good Mr. Johnnie Toole came down, with his pockets full of threepenny-bits, and armed with bags of nuts and fruit; and when he had sung them "An 'Orrible Tale," we had scrambles and races and games of every description. Mrs. Oscar Beringer organised another day, and brought down ladies with guitars and zithers to make music under the forest trees. And so Providence blessed the initiation of the "Fresh Air Fund," money came in, and the good work has flourished ever since, and will continue to flourish if these "nimble ninepences" will once more pop out of the pockets of the kind-hearted and charitable all over the world.

But Mr. C. Arthur Pearson has got further afield this year. He is organising "Fresh Air Funds" for the provincial centres, and his energy has so impressed the directors of the Ragged School Union—the child of the late and eminent noble, Lord Shaftesbury—that they have voted a sum to purchase a freehold in the Forest so that the children may no longer live in tents but have a forest house of their own, where they can dine under cover and shelter when it is wet.

And now to be practical! Ninepence is not much, is it? Not much of a sacrifice, I mean, when compared to the delight of giving a London child an exquisite day's holiday. We spend more on a cigar and a drink on our way to the

river or the races. A ten-pound note is not a fortune to one of the wealthy or the unwise who stake more at Kempton or Sandown, and might far better have an Epping Forest day, and go to bed with a good conscience and the thankful prayers of two hundred children.

If the humble owners of the ninepence and the lucky thrower away of unconsidered trifles in the way of ten-pound notes could only hear the scream of joy as an imprisoned London child plunges ankle-deep in the long lush grass, could only hear these little ones who are ever with us, as they sit down in a circle and send up their glad hymns with the lark's song to the gate of heaven, and could only appreciate the rest and thankfulness painted in dreams on their happy faces as they go homewards "with tired eyelids upon tired eyes" they would not be long in calling on my friend C. Arthur Pearson, of Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

her as often as she pleased—which was the whole evening through.

"This is what I call thoroughly jolly!" he remarked, during an interval of violent exercise. "An empty room, a first-rate floor, music not so bad, and the very best partner I have ever had in my life—I don't know what more one could want."

"Poor little man!" said Dolly compassionately; "it doesn't take a great deal to make him happy, does it? Not that I shouldn't be fairly well contented myself if this place belonged to me—or was going to belong to me. I suppose, by the way, that it is going to belong to you?"

"Oh, well, it is going to be my home, anyhow," answered Horace hesitatingly.

"H'm!—the dogs and cats of the establishment might say as much as that. One can't expect to get everything in his world, though, and I daresay you will be kindly treated so long as you behave yourself. You are a good deal better off, at all events, than some unfortunate fellows who have had to marry for money and who have been driven to espouse shrewish old vixens."

"But I'm not marrying for money," Horace felt constrained to return; "I would have married Veronica—that is, if she would have had me and if I could have afforded it—under any circumstances."

"Honour bright?" asked Dolly, raising her eyebrows slightly.

He nodded, and was rather pleased with himself for having had the courage to be so explicit; although, as a matter of fact, it would have been both wiser and more considerate on his part to let his neighbour's insinuations pass unheeded.

"That is capital!" she returned, with much cheerfulness. "Now it only remains to drink your health in the best liquor obtainable upon the premises. Take me into the supper-room and I'll do it."

It was in the supper-room that Mrs. Mansfield's attention was first drawn to what she could not but regard as the manœuvres of a young lady who had not been invited to Broxham by any wish of hers. She was not best pleased with what she saw, and later in the evening she frankly said as much to Veronica.

"I can't conceive," she remarked, with some impatience, "why you should have wanted to have that girl here; I don't like her ways of going on at all. She was drinking champagne out of tumblers after all the people had gone away, and I should not be surprised to hear that she was in the smoking-room with the men now."

Veronica replied that she had seen Miss Cradock, who at the time presented every appearance of being perfectly sober, into her bedroom; and then, as Mrs. Mansfield still looked dissatisfied, she inquired smilingly, "Are you afraid of her eloping with Horace?"

That—or something like that—was precisely what Mrs. Mansfield was afraid of; but of course it would not have done to say so. Therefore, she merely shrugged her shoulders and observed: "Well, I hope you have not asked her to stay more than a week, at the outside. For poor Lady Louisa's sake, I have always tried to be kind to her; but really there is never any knowing what she will do next, and I can't say that I think her a desirable guest."

(To be continued.)

OUR SUMMER NUMBER.

On May 28 will be published our Summer Number for 1894, containing Stories by Bret Harte, Miss Braddon, I. Zangwill, Lady Lindsay, and Margaret L. Woods; a One-Act Play by Max Pemberton; Two Splendid Coloured Pictures; and Numerous Illustrations by Fred Barnard, R. Caton Woodville, Bernard Partridge, A. Forestier, A. Birkenruth, G. P. Jacob-Hood, and others. Price One Shilling.



THE SILENT STREAM.

From an Original Drawing by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

The Amateur Art Exhibition, opened on Wednesday, May 2, at the Imperial Institute, by H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, possessed many interesting features, but none more attractive to the majority of visitors than a trio of oil sketches from the brush of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales. In each case there was manifest a happy sense of colour, as well as a considerable command of technique. By the gracious permission of her Royal Highness we are enabled to reproduce a specially interesting example of her work: a quiet backwater in the grounds at Sandringham, with willow-bordered banks and a range of low bushes, a sombre sky being reflected skilfully in the water. The other pictures by the Princess were an Eastern landscape, in which a ruined temple flanked by a palm stands out boldly in the foreground, against a background of purple hills, a glowing sunset, and a suggestion of the sea; and a landscape by the Wash, near Sandringham, with an old windmill in the foreground, the grey atmospheric effect being brightened by a warm glow in the west. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein was also represented in the Exhibition, having contributed a pair of flower-paintings, in which the subjects were treated with a boldness and breadth entirely admirable.

We know of old the greengrocer's van decorated with ribbons and May-blossom, with smart horses and shouting children, that passes us on our way to Richmond, Hadleigh Wood, or Bushey Park. But the van and the flowers and the happy children only suggested one delightful holiday for very good children. These vanloads for the most part contained the best pupils of Sunday schools—those who had been most regular at school, church, or chapel, the model pupils.

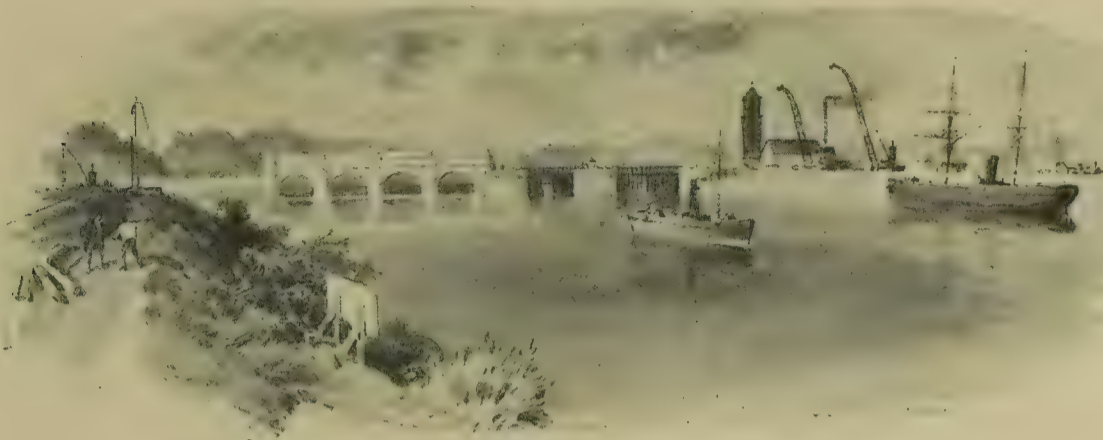
But the poor little ragged urchins who probably were not well clothed enough to go to school, church, or chapel, were left on the hot pavement or in the gutter wondering why they could not be taken to the flowers and the fields, even though they were in rags? Mr. Pearson did not at all see why these holiday outings should be confined to one day in the year, or why Nature should only welcome the poor Jos and Elsie in their Sunday best.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SHIP CANAL.

MANCHESTER-ON-THE-SEA — how strange it sounds! Yet it is hardly more than the truth. For if the waters that lave her five miles of quays be not salt, at least they float hulls crusted with ocean spray; and the siren which "hooted its dread" last month at Lagos or New Orleans, or at Rio

reference to the scheme as then under discussion. Two of the verses run—

Near Oxford Road the dry dock is, to caulk and to careen, Sir;
Our chief West India Dock is where the pond was at Ardwick Green, Sir;
That is to say, they *might* have been there, had these plans been done, Sir.
And vessels might have anchored there of full five hundred tons, Sir.



WEST END OF THE GREAT BASIN OF THE MANCHESTER DOCKS.

de Janeiro, may be heard to-day from the Town Hall steps. Nay, an enthusiastic old Lancashire man, viewing the canal at Barton for the first time, a few days ago, licked the end of his stick, after dipping it in the water, to see "if it tasted salt." He said it did—perhaps he was right—at any rate, no one is likely to contradict him. Most people are content to *look* at the water of the Irwell, without making a beverage of it. But, joking apart, the shipway to Manchester is at last an accomplished fact.

The visit of her Majesty draws all eyes at the present time to the capital of the North, and a few facts from the checkered history of her great scheme will doubtless be received with interest.

For many years Manchester has lain at the feet of Liverpool. This fact has long been recognised, for over fifty years ago we find Liverpool boasting that she paid more window taxes than Manchester; and, as a writer of that day has said, "nothing could better prove the actual state of affairs, for it shows Manchester to be our great workshop, and Liverpool the residence of the non-producers who live upon its industry." Two hundred years ago Liverpool was a fishing village, but with the growth of the cotton industry in South Lancashire came the need of a point of import for raw material and of export for the manufactured goods.

So rapidly, indeed, has Liverpool risen that whereas in 1801 her year's tonnage was 459,720 and her dues received £28,365, in 1881 they had risen by steady growth to 7,893,950 tons and £966,280 respectively. But these same dues, admittedly over-heavy, added to the exorbitant railway rates between port and mill, were a deadly tax on the Lancashire manufacturer, and a time came at last when the keen competition of foreign rivals compelled him to ease himself of the burden.

The Ship Canal as now constructed is the realisation of an idea over one hundred and eighty years old; an idea frequently recurring from time to time, and ever growing in importance and ambition. Evidence of the interest in the question crops out in many places, and in an old "book of words" of the Manchester pantomime of 1825 we find

Instead of lazy old quay flats that crawl three miles an hour, Sir,
We'd fine three-masted steamers, some of ninety horses' power, Sir;
That is, had it been *made* we should; and Lord! how fine 't would be, Sir,
When all beyond St. Peter's Church was open to the sea, Sir!

was the construction of a tidal channel right up to Manchester, and this scheme, prepared by the late Mr. Hamilton Fulton, C.E., of Westminster, found much favour in many quarters. And there is something peculiarly attractive in the idea of "the briny" actually flowing under the very walls of the cotton-mills. However, when, in 1882, the scheme was seriously faced under the leadership of the late Mr. Daniel Adamson, with a view to the immediate construction of the long-discussed waterway, two schemes were submitted to the promoters—the one, as we have just said, by Mr. Fulton, for a tidal channel, the other by Mr. E. Leader Williams, C.E., of Manchester, for a channel tidal up to Warrington, and thence rising step by step, by means of locks, up to the old river level at Manchester. It was then realised for the first time that the tidal scheme would involve a cutting over 90 ft. deep at the Manchester end, and that the quays themselves would be over 50 ft. below street level. In addition to this there were serious doubts as to the satisfactory working of the tidal flow along a confined channel of such great length.

At the preliminary meeting of supporters, held in September 1882, it was therefore decided to adopt Mr. Williams's scheme for a canalised channel. And at the same meeting it was also resolved that a fund of £100,000 should be raised to defray the expenses of an application to Parliament for powers to carry out the scheme.

Then followed the most protracted struggle ever known in the history of Private Bill legislation. Practically it lasted for ten years, the first three years being spent on



THE SLUICES ON THE WEAVER.

Passing over many schemes, more or less feasible, for improving the water communication between the estuary and city, we come at last to the year 1877 and the inception of the present scheme. The idea then first discussed

the passing of the first Bill. The most formidable opponents of the Bill were the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, the Mersey and Irwell Navigation Company, Bridgewater Canal Company, City of Liverpool, London and North-Western Railway Company, and other strong vested interests. It is probable that this persistent opposition has cost the promoters nearly a quarter of a million, but at the same time it is quite certain that the scheme just completed is in many ways much more satisfactory than that first laid before Parliament. The Bill received royal assent in August 1885. The proceedings in all had extended over 175 days, and over 175,000 questions had been asked and answered. After the passing of the Bill came the hard struggle to raise the necessary funds for construction. The capital required was about £8,000,000, with an additional £2,000,000 for the compulsory purchase of existing canals and navigation rights. First a London syndicate and afterwards the Rothschilds of London attempted to float the company, but in vain. But it was not until 1887, on the reconstruction of the Board, with Lord Egerton of Tatton as chairman, that further powers as to share capital were obtained, and, through the agency of Messrs. Baring and Co., the capital required by the Act of 1885 was subscribed.

No time was now lost before breaking ground. Mr. T. A. Walker, whose name will ever be associated with the successful construction of the Severn Tunnel and other heavy engineering works at home and abroad, undertook to construct the entire waterway within four years for the sum of £5,750,000. Lord Egerton of Tatton, the chairman,



STOCKTON SWING BRIDGE.

cut the first turf at Eastham on Nov. 11, 1887, and work was begun on the various sections before the end of the year. It is difficult to convey to the lay mind the magnitude of the task undertaken, the amount of excavation alone being simply enormous. Imagine a mound

in order to maintain full depth of water in the canal at low tide.

As the canal has a fall of over 60 ft. between Manchester and the sea, it was necessary to break up the total length into a series of level ponds, divided by

the waste of water when in use, each chamber has been provided with a pair of intermediate gates to suit vessels of different lengths.

The valley of the Mersey has always been liable to sudden and serious floods, and provision had to be made by



RAILWAY VIADUCT, SHOWING COALING STATION.



WARBURTON VIADUCT, LOOKING TOWARDS IRLAM.

of earth, 3 ft. broad and 4 ft. high, formed right round the globe along the line of the equator, and some slight idea will be gathered of the quantity of rock, sand, clay, and earth which has had to be removed. To accomplish this, an army of men and boys was employed, and at the busiest time these amounted to between 15,000 and 16,000. Even such a mighty host would have been of comparatively little avail if steam plant had not also been largely employed. As a matter of fact, the amount of plant employed has never been equalled on any other engineering work. No less than 215 miles of full-gauge railway-track was laid in the cuttings and along the banks and tips. The rolling stock of this extensive little railway system amounted to 180 locomotives and over 6000 trucks. The bulk of the digging was accomplished by ninety-seven steam-diggers of various makes, aided by a fleet of half-a-dozen powerful steam-dredgers. Heavy as was the work of rough excavation, it was but a portion of the task faced by the contractors. Five main lines of railway had to be diverted; and lofty embankments leading to new high-

locks having a lift varying from 13 ft. to 16 ft. There are in all five sets of these locks, each of massive construction and immense size, situated respectively at Eastham, Latchford, Irlam, Barton, and Mode Wheel. Those at Eastham are three in number, the sizes being

the engineers for the rapid discharge of large volumes of flood-water coming down from the uplands. For this purpose large steel sluice-gates of improved design have been constructed alongside each of the lock systems. These sluices can be raised bodily from the bridge above, and, by lifting them as occasion requires, the depth of water in the pond above can be regulated to a nicety. The five sluices at Irlam, for instance, are capable of passing over 200,000 gallons per second, a body of water far surpassing any Mersey flood on record.

Between Latchford and Eastham there are two long weirs in the embankments to permit the free flow of the tide into and out of the canal, and there are also three sets of storm-water sluices, at Norton and Eastham, with two gates each, and at the mouth of the river Weaver.

At the latter point there is a series of ten great sluices, and when these are all lifted to the full height, an opening 300 ft. in length and 13 ft. high is formed in the retaining wall, so that no fear need be entertained of a flood on the lower reaches of the canal or the river Weaver.



PORT ELLESMERE, WHERE THE NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY HAS A CONNECTION WITH THE CANAL.

600 ft. by 80 ft., 350 ft. by 50 ft., and 150 ft. by 30 ft., but they only come into use between half tide and low water; the gates standing wide open during the period of high water, so that vessels may pass in or out without any obstruction. The distance between Eastham and the



THE DOCKS AT MANCHESTER.



TRAFFORD WHARF.

level viaducts had to be formed for them. Roads innumerable were severed, and provision had to be made for the traffic by the construction of seven immense swing bridges and two high-level fixed structures. On the estuary portion of the work several miles of embankment had to be formed to separate the canal from the river

next locks at Latchford is twenty-one miles, and throughout the whole of this length the water in the channel is semi-tidal.

At Latchford and at the other points mentioned there are only two locks, the one 600 ft. long by 65 ft. wide, and the other measuring 350 ft. by 45 ft. In order to minimise

In addition to the main locks already mentioned there are six side locks of smaller dimensions, to connect the new waterway with existing systems of navigation. These are the Weston Marsh, Weston Mersey, Bridge-water, and Old Quay locks, all in the neighbourhood of Runcorn, and two near Warrington, at Walton and at

Stockton Heath respectively. By far the most impressive piece of work on the whole line of canal is the new swing aqueduct at Barton. The Bridgewater Canal crossed the Irwell at this point, and as the line of the new canal here follows the old course of the river, it is obvious that

company caused by delay and expense of pumping out the cuttings, repair of plant, and making good the damage done, was enormous. This and the severe winters of 1890 and 1891 are largely responsible for the great ultimate increase of the cost of the canal over the Parliamentary estimates. Early in 1891 the company found themselves at the end of their resources, and being unable to raise any further capital they appealed to the Manchester City Council for help. The Corporation at once responded by obtaining the sanction of Parliament to their advancing any sum up to £3,000,000 on the security of the city rates. It proved ultimately that even this vast sum was not sufficient to complete the work, and Manchester has

Lord Mayor, the Corporations of Manchester, Salford, and Warrington, and the directors of the Canal Company.

Numerous lines of steamers are already running to and from all parts, and we notice from the Board of Trade returns just issued that more sugar has been landed this year at Manchester than at Liverpool. In itself this seems a trivial matter, but as the proverbial straw shows the direction of the wind, so this small item is but the indication of the vast shipping industry which Manchester most firmly believes will be hers in the near future.

A VOYAGE UP THE CANAL.

For some weeks past the well-known Clyde tourist steamer *Ivanhoe* has been making daily trips along the canal between Manchester and Liverpool. Seeing that she is "billed" to return shortly to her native waters, and again delight the heart of the canny Scot, we propose in imagination to avail ourselves of the present opportunity, and to steam up the new channel, noting the various works of interest constructed in connection with the canal, and the consequent changes which have been made in the district.

Leaving the Prince's Landing Stage at Liverpool at about high water, we rapidly overhaul the tender *Skirmisher*, having on board the last of the saloon passengers and the late mails for the Cunarder *Campania*, outward bound; and in a few minutes we pass that leviathan herself at her moorings in the Sloyne. The Blue Peter flutters from her masthead, and the volumes of smoke and steam pouring from her gigantic smoke-stacks indicate that steam is already fully up for a record run across the Atlantic. Shortly afterwards we are abreast of the old line-of-battle ship *Conway*, now used as a training-ship for cadets; and, passing the floating powder-hulks moored off Bromborough, we steer towards the southern



ROCK-CUTTING, MOUNT MANISTY.

some means had to be devised by which sea-going vessels could pass this point without severing the barge traffic on the older navigation connecting Manchester with the South Lancashire coal-fields.

The difficulty has been solved by the bold device of carrying the barge canal across the new waterway in a steel trough, which can be turned on its centre just as an ordinary road swing-bridge. Before turning, however, stop-gates at the two shore ends of the canal cutting and at each end of the trough are closed, so that when the aqueduct is swung there is no waste of water. The total weight of the moving portion, which always remains full of water, is over 1600 tons, and the sight of the immense structure—with, perhaps, one or two barges floating in it—gently revolving on its pivot is most impressive.

The greater portion of the docks is situated in the borough of Salford, the remainder being partly in the city of Manchester and partly in the township of Stretford. The total area of the water space in the docks is 105 acres, while the quay space amounts to 152 acres, with a water frontage of over five miles. The upper end of the Manchester Dock is within a mile of the Town Hall. The Manchester and Salford Docks are divided from each other by the Trafford Road Swing Bridge, which connects the city with the borough.

In addition to the docks at the terminus, a side dock of 23 acres is being constructed at Warrington. At Partington, a coaling basin of 5½ acres has been formed, connected by rail with the South Lancashire and Yorkshire collieries. Partington thus becomes by many miles the nearest port to these pits, and the export trade in "black diamonds" promises to be no mean item in the future traffic of the canal.

For two years after the commencement of the work all went well; but the death of the contractor, Mr. T. A. Walker, in November 1889, involved the company in a series of disputes with his executors, who had endeavoured to carry on the work, as provided by the terms of his will. For twelve months the work was continued with considerable friction, and in the autumn of 1890 all existing contracts were cancelled, and the work, with all plant on the ground, was taken over by the company, who continued the task for some months as their own contractors.

About the same time a tremendous flood burst over the whole valley, and almost every cutting between Warrington and Manchester was drowned out. The loss to the

raised another £2,000,000 for the same object. The city thus becomes the largest shareholder in the concern, and has a majority of members on the board of directors until the loans shall have been fully repaid or the canal converted into a public trust.

On Nov. 25, 1893, the fourth anniversary of Mr. Walker's death, the canal was at length full of water from



TRAFFORD SWING BRIDGE.

end to end, and on Dec. 7 the Liverpool ferry-steamer *Snowdrop*, with the Corporation and directors on board, passed along the whole length of the canal from Eastham to Manchester, being the first vessel to arrive in the new port. On Jan. 1, 1894, the canal was opened for traffic. There was no actual ceremony, but a procession of crafts of all descriptions passed up the canal in the wake of the

bank of the estuary—here almost three miles across, and see before us the entrance-locks to the canal at Eastham.

The tide having not yet fallen more than a few feet, the entrance-gates are still open, so we steam right through the lock-chamber, and are at once in the "Port and Harbour of Manchester." Had we arrived at low water we should still have had ample draught in the approach channel, but should have found the lock-gates closed. This would have caused a slight delay, while we were being raised to the canal level; but so perfect are the hydraulic contrivances for closing and opening the gates than less than ten minutes would have been lost in the lock. In passing through the lock we notice on our right the twin-slucies for regulating the discharge of storm-water from the canal, and on the bank beyond we see a fine engine-house and accumulator tower for working the hydraulic machinery and for lighting the locks at night by electricity. These last features we shall find at each of the locks on our voyage up stream, the sluices being always on our right, but in every other case the engine-house stands on our left hand. For half a mile we pass through a sandstone cutting, and, emerging from this, cross Pool Hall Bay, the waters of the canal and estuary being separated by a great sandstone and clay embankment about a mile long.

Another deep cutting next leads us to Ellesmere Port Bay, across which the canal is again carried by means of a heavy embankment. Ellesmere Port is the terminus of the Shropshire Union Canal system, which connects the Potteries and the "Black Country" with the Mersey, and which now forms a valuable feeder to the Ship Canal. Extensive new quays have been built here in anticipation



MOUNT MANISTY, FORMED OF THE EARTH THROWN OUT IN MAKING THE CANAL; NAMED AFTER A SON OF JUDGE MANISTY.



BARTON AQUEDUCT.

of increased traffic; and the Ship Canal Dry Dock and Pontoon Company have selected Ellesmere as the site for one of their huge floating pontoon dry docks.

A long spin between the marshy meadows of the Cheshire shore brings us to the mouth of the river Weaver, the only point of special interest passed on the way being the siphon which carries the river Gowy under the canal in two pipes, each of 12 ft. diameter. This work is, of course, invisible from the deck of our steamer. At the mouth of the Weaver stands Saltport, founded in the summer of 1892 for the salt and timber trade on the canal; the impounded waters of the Weaver forming a large pond for the storage of the timber-rafts. From this point the canal is carried round the existing docks and outside the twin ports of Western Point and Runcorn, by means of an immense embankment and concrete wall about four miles long. Opposite the mouth of the Weaver this embankment has been cut down to form a tidal weir, as already explained; and at the same point are the ten great storm-water sluices to which reference has been made in our history of construction. The Weston Mersey, the Bridgewater, and the Runcorn Old Quay side locks are all formed in this embankment, to allow vessels to pass direct from the old docks into the estuary, instead of navigating the new waterway.

But before reaching the Old Quay lock, we pass under the first bridge spanning the canal. This is the fine viaduct carrying the London and Liverpool branch of the London and North-Western Railway across the Mersey at Runcorn gap. It existed long before the canal was commenced, but was sufficiently high above high water mark to clear the masts of vessels. The actual headway varies, of course, with the tide, but it is never less than 75 ft. The three main spans are each 100 yards in the clear; so that the Ship Canal, with its bottom width of 120 ft., occupies only half of the Cheshire or southern span. To

the north, across the river, lies Widnes, the centre of the alkali industry, overhung by its never-lifting pall of inky smoke and nauseating fumes. A few hundred yards up stream of the viaduct the canal strikes inland, leaving the estuary on the left.

Immediately afterwards we find the canal temporarily blocked by the first swing bridge. A deep hoot from our fog-whistle warns the operator of our approach; and the bridge swings silently round on its hydraulic pivot, and as gently returns after we have passed. On our way to Manchester we shall have to pass through six more of these swing bridges, which connect the main roads severed by the canal. They vary considerably in weight; the Trafford Road bridge, between the Manchester and Salford Docks, being the heaviest in the United Kingdom. The weight on its turn-table is 1800 tons. Yet, so truly is each of these immense structures poised on its circle of gun-metal rollers that they can each be turned in less than ten seconds. Leaving Runcorn behind, we enter the

deepest cutting on the whole line of work, and presently find ourselves passing the Norton sluices, where storm waters are discharged into the river above Widnes.

Moore Lane Swing Bridge next comes into view, with its engine-house and accumulator tower, but the former needs no tall chimney, as the fuel consumed at this point is oil instead of coal. Another half-mile brings us to Acton Grange Viaduct, an immense structure carrying four railway tracks—the main line of the London and North-Western Railway Company and the Warrington and Chester branch of the North-Western and Great Western joint lines. These railways have been raised by means of inclined approaches of easy gradients, so as to give the same clear headway above water as at Runcorn, which has been taken as the standard of height for all the new fixed bridges spanning the canal. We are now passing Warrington on our left, and as we steam through the Stag Inn Swing Bridge, we notice that the Chester Road, which it carries, also crosses the river a few paces away by means of a new girder bridge of an American type. The entrance to the Warrington Dock, which has yet to be made, lies about halfway between Stag Inn and Stockton Heath Swing Bridges. The river here has been diverted from its old channel round the Arpley meadows, and it is intended, by dredging and widening the old bed, to form a dock twenty-three acres in extent. Stockton Heath Church stands on the right, just below the fourth swing bridge, and it is so near to the edge of the water that it is possible to throw a stone from the church step on to the deck of a passing steamer. The swing bridge just mentioned has been constructed at the very point of junction of an old barge navigation with the Ship Canal, and the connecting lock actually stands under the shorter arm of the bridge when at rest.

Another mile of straight cutting brings us to a high-



THE VIADUCT OF THE MIDLAND LINE.

level bridge of an entirely different type from any yet passed. This bridge carries the approach road to the new Latchford Railway Station. A hint has been borrowed from the great Forth Bridge, and the cantilever principle, of which so much was heard a few years ago, was adopted. Passing now through the Knutsford Road Swing Bridge, and underneath the great skew bridge carrying the Warrington and Stockport branch of the London and North-Western Railway, similar in design to its sister bridge at Acton Grange, we leave at last the tidal waters of the canal, and enter the lock at Latchford. The 600-ft. lock is occupied by the *Merchant Prince*, outward bound for the Mediterranean with a full cargo of Manchester goods, so we are raised in the 450-ft. chamber. After a delay of a few minutes, we are again under way, and, having just been raised 16 ft. in the lock, obtain a much better view of the surrounding country from the *Ivanhoe's* promenade deck than was possible on the lower reach. About two miles above Latchford we notice two or three huge dredgers at work in the channel, and shortly afterwards meet the *Manx Fairy*, formerly an Isle of Man boat, but now one of the fleet of pleasure-steamers owned by the Ship Canal Passenger Steam-Ship Company. Leaving the mouth of the river Bollin on our right, the canal bends sharply to the left, and, spanning the deep sandstone cutting, we see ahead the Warburton High-Level Road Bridge, similar in every detail to the one at Latchford. At Partington we find a fine viaduct carrying the Midland line from London to Liverpool across the canal and river, at this point very close together. Just above the bridge the canal is widened out to form the Partington Coaling Basin, with lay-byes on each side of the channel, and we notice that Messrs. Lamport and Holt's fine steamer *Oblers* lies under one of the tipping-cradles taking in her bunker coal before proceeding to Manchester to load for the Brazils. Nearly a mile further up the canal receives the whole flow of the Mersey water coming down from the



RUNCORN BRIDGE.



THE LATCHFORD VIADUCT.

Derbyshire hills beyond Stockport. The canal itself from this point up to Manchester follows the valley of the river Irwell, and has practically obliterated that tortuous stream.

The Cheshire Lines Viaduct at Irlam is the counterpart of the one at Partington, and can carry four trains abreast, though only two lines are at present laid. Immediately above the bridge lie the Irlam Locks. Here we rise another sixteen feet, and



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO MANCHESTER.

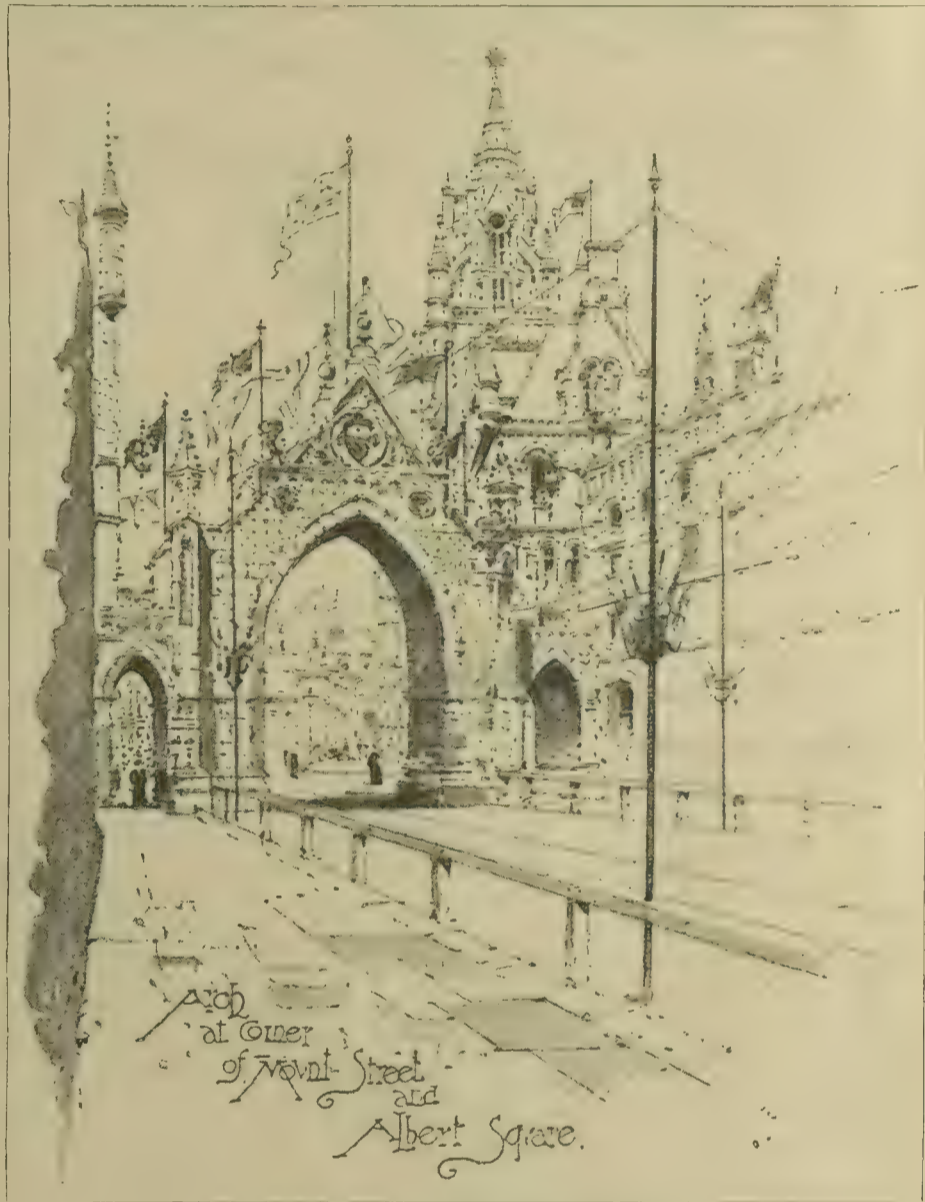
after steaming two miles through Lancashire lowland flats, enter the Barton Locks. Here, again, we have another rise in the world, this time one of fifteen feet, in less than as many minutes. All eyes are now strained forward to catch the first glimpse of Mr. Leader Williams's masterpiece—the swing aqueduct at Barton. The concrete island which carries the pivot bears also that of the Barton Road bridge; and as these two huge structures revolve simultaneously on their axis to give us passage, we hardly refrain from bursting into cheers for the designer of these marvels of engineering skill. From Barton to the docks the canal is cut through the precincts of Trafford Park, the ancestral home of the De Trafford family. Before entering the docks, however, another and final rise of 13 ft. is accomplished in the Mode Wheel Locks. Emerging from these, we find ourselves navigating an immense basin, a mile in length and a quarter of a mile across in the widest part. This is the great Salford Dock, and as we steam gently up to our moorings alongside the Trafford Wharf, we notice that the docks are being fitted up with all the most modern appliances. Electric light has been laid on throughout the whole of their extent; telephone wires run round all the basins, and connect them with the dock offices; hydraulic cranes are being erected as fast as the makers can supply them; while, most important of all, railway lines run along the edge of every quay and jetty, so that goods can be loaded direct to ship, to rail, or vice versa, without twice handling, as has to be done at Liverpool.

The *Ivanhoe* does not pass on to the Manchester Docks, but, like all the other passenger-boats on the canal, berths at Trafford Wharf in the Salford Basin. We must, therefore, leave her here, and take our seats on one of the small steamers plying between the Wharf and Albert Bridge in the city. Darting rapidly under Trafford Road Swing Bridge, which we clear without the necessity of its opening, we come to the temporary swing bridge connecting the docks' railways with the Midland and other railway systems. This will shortly be replaced by a permanent structure now in course of erection. The four basins of the Manchester Docks open out on our right.

On the opposite bank of the canal, which is here the river Irwell widened and deepened, the construction of the Ordsall Dock is being pushed forward as rapidly as possible. At Woden Street Footbridge we come to the head of the docks, but, continuing our course up the river, we touch at the Regent Road stage, and thence steam to Albert Bridge, within five minutes' walk of the Royal Exchange and the Town Hall.

Having thus covered the whole length of the work, it may be said of us, as of a certain Queen of old, "that there is no more spirit in us," for truly we have nothing but admiration and praise for the men who have conceived and carried out so vast a work in so short a time; and we can but wish the shareholders and the citizens of Manchester all the success that their boldness and patience merit.

Our Illustrations are from sketches by our Special Artist (Mr. William Simpson) and from photographs by Messrs. Frith, of Reigate, and Mr. T. Birtles, of Warrington.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO MANCHESTER.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO MANCHESTER: THE LONDON ROAD RAILWAY STATION, WHERE THE QUEEN ARRIVED.



REVIEW OF THE FIRST YEOMANRY BRIGADE BY THE QUEEN IN WINDSOR PARK: MIDDLESEX YEOMANRY CAVALRY TROTting PAST.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO ALDERSHOT: THE SCOTS GREYS TROTTING PAST THE QUEEN.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

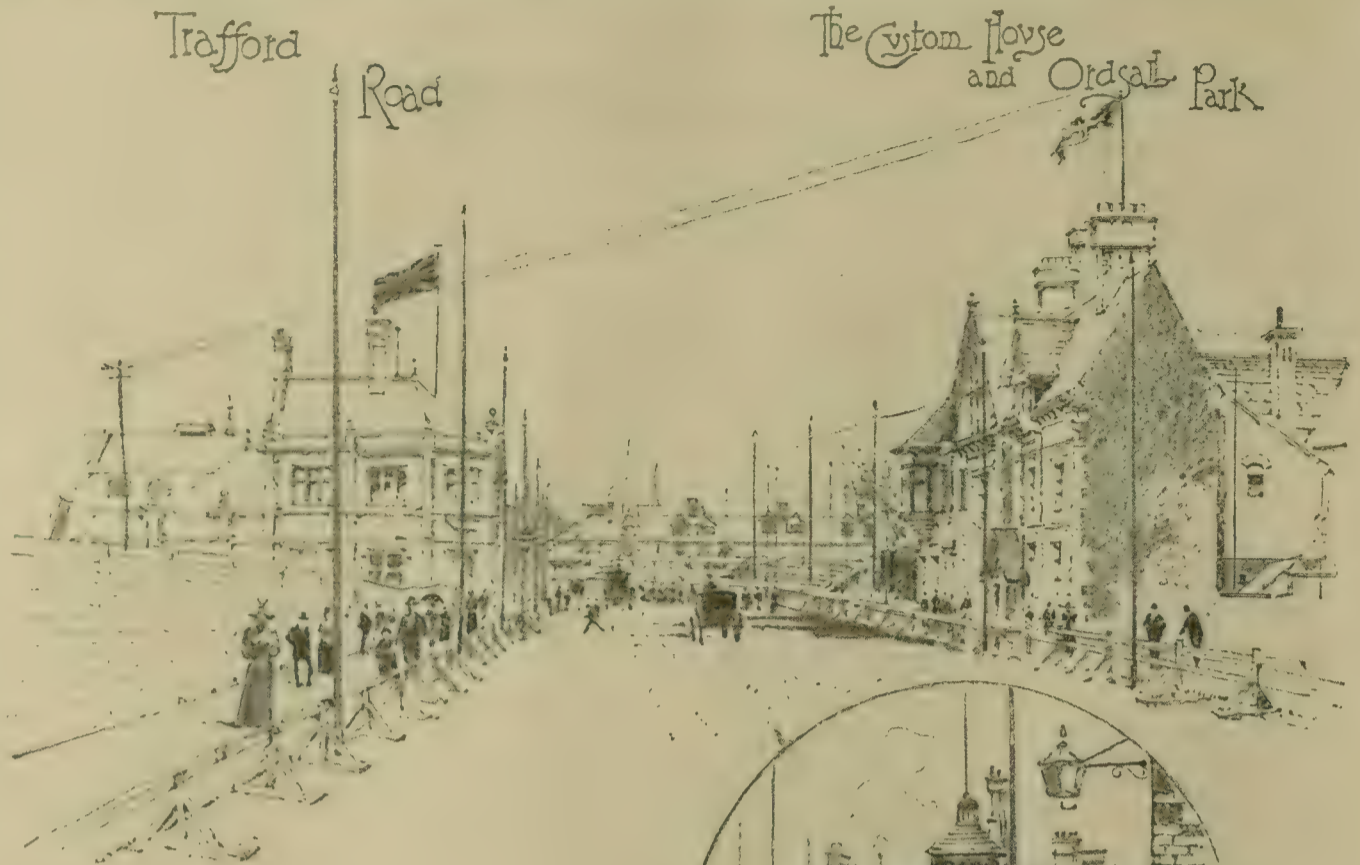
The production at the Garrick Theatre of Bulwer Lytton's celebrated play, "Money," follows strangely upon "Mrs. Lessingham," and perhaps somewhat disastrously. It is a short time, too short, since, at the Garrick, one saw "George Fleming's" work, which, whatever its shortcomings, was an earnest effort to paint truly the men and women of to-day; consequently, when a play is given at the same place, and, to a great extent, by the same company, in which truth is recklessly sacrificed to conventional stage effect, in which no attempt is made to present truly the human nature of any period, the effect of the contrast is striking. It is strengthened by the dressing of the play. Some people suggest that too much importance has been attached to this question of costume; but in matters of stage craft, I take what one may call rather a "Sartor Resartus" point of view. The speeches that will strike one as not unnatural when uttered by a man dressed in the clothes of the fifties seem absurd if he wear the ugly clothes that incurred the diatribes of Lord Rosebery at the Academy banquet. I do not pretend that when "Money" was produced, a little more than half a century ago, although Count D'Orsay acted as theoretical tailor for the company, the costumes were absolutely more beautiful than on Saturday night; yet they fitted the style of speech and, to some extent, the mode of conduct of the characters, and that was a great gain to the play. However, I do not wish to criticise the production exclusively from the tailor's point of view. It is enough to say that much which seems hopelessly stilted and unnatural would have appeared to be true under the cover of the maxim *Autres temps, autres mœurs*, if we had not been asked to assume that "Money" presented a picture of modern life.

It is curious to see how much quicker sentiment ages than humour. Although no doubt lacking subtlety and overpassing the bounds of what we now call comedy, the will scene of the first act was received with laughter probably as loud and long as when first presented on the stage. By the last phrase I do not refer to the fact that Bulwer Lytton was not the "first and true" inventor of the idea underlying the scene. Nor was this the only cause of merriment. The somewhat cumbersome farce played by the hero to test the affection of his friends and love of his *fiancée* brought out many a touch of heavy humour that caught the fancy of the house. The purchase of the spavined cab-horse as a polite form of usury, and its gift as the disguised inducement for a loan, will do service for many years to come. Mr. Graves and the "sainted Maria," however, proved rather too much at times. He belongs strictly to farce, and to farce of the most elementary form; indeed, even the celebrated dancing scene between him and Lady Franklin caused less merriment than one expected.

It is hard to believe that Mrs. Bancroft, the most popular comedian of our times, and Mr. Arthur Cecil, an actor long dear to the public, could have a scene together in which she causes him, a melancholy widower, ever groaning over the loss of his "sainted Maria," to get up

and do a grotesque dance, and yet that at the fall of the curtain the applause of one part of the house should have been answered by the "goose"—not the tailor's—in another. Yet he did his work excellently; and she, although it is possible to accuse her of exaggeration, lavished all the resources of her art upon the

himself that he had fine feelings when he really had not. Rarely has such splendid work been done with so little result. Miss Kate Rorke, an actress of whom any country might be proud, struggled hard as Clara, but no one could be convinced by her. Personal charm and sincerity of manner could not induce belief in her conduct.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO MANCHESTER.

scene. No doubt it was drawn out too long; no doubt, also, we have had similar comic business too often of late years; and yet I could hardly believe the testimony of my senses when I heard the sounds of disapprobation. Fortunately, the humour of "Stingy Jack" never failed. Mr. John Hare has given us many a piece of acting to which one may assign the word "perfect," and feel that other adjectives are superfluous or inexact, but though I have seen him in better parts, I have never seen him in better form. Catching exactly the tone of the crafty, scheming, cold-blooded old man, he presented such a picture that, after seeing it, we should hesitate to have dealings with the popular manager of the Garrick.

The sentimental parts, even though Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Kate Rorke were at their best, fell rather flat. Evelyn is a terrible fellow—a prig as long-winded as the heroes of Dumas *filles*, but lacking their wit and depth of thought. Mr. Robertson used his lovely voice with the utmost skill, threw an air of sincerity into his love-making, and showed fine dignity of manner, but all in vain. One could not feel that he was a philosopher or even a gentleman, but merely deem him a loquacious fool who flattered



The minor parts were well enough played. Miss Maude Millett has done nothing better than her Georgina, and the part could not be in abler hands. Mr. Bouchier acted in excellent style as Lord Glossmore. The Sir Frederick Blount of Mr. Allan Aynesworth, however, did not take. The farcical part, with its foolish catchword, is really too far away from life to be very amusing, and the actor's efforts to treat it as comedy rather than farce resulted in a timidity of treatment that proved ineffective. Mr. Komble deserves better parts than that of Mr. Stout. It is difficult to say what is the exact state of mind in which one leaves the theatre after "Money." Has one been pleased? No. Has one been bored? No. Is it worth a visit? Yes. Should it have been produced? No. Possibly the net result of the almost conflicting views of a particular individual is that "Money" should be seen, because this production offers perhaps the last chance to most of us of seeing a play which, relatively to the time at which it was written, is a masterpiece, which has a great adventitious value, because it shows what a substantial advance has been made in English drama in our times, and which is deeply interesting, because it is a fine example of the ways of thought supposed by a brilliant writer to have been current in mankind some fifty years ago.

E. F. S.

A conference recently held at Wakefield passed resolutions affirming the desirability of constructing a West Riding ship canal to the Humber, with Wakefield for its inland terminus, and appointing a provisional committee. The cost of construction is estimated at £6,000,000.

The Peninsular and Oriental steamer *Himalaya* arrived at Brindisi on May 16, at nine in the morning, with the homeward Indian mail, which left Bombay on the 5th, and her letters were delivered in London on the morning of May 18—a mail transit from Bombay to London of twelve and a half days, which surpasses all previous records. The same steamer on her outward voyage last month delivered her mails in Bombay in just over thirteen days, which is the best outward passage yet made.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO MANCHESTER.

PICTURES FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

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MRS. W. E. LAURIE.—H. T. WELLS, R.A.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR FRANCIS GRENFELL, K.C.E., G.C.M.G.—W. W. OULESS, R.A.



"The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats."—PSALMS, CIV. 18.
T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.



"THE LAST LOAD."—HAROLD SWANWICK.



"A SUNLIT HARBOUR."—ALFRED EAST.

LITERATURE.

TALES BY THOMAS HARDY.

Life's Little Ironies, a Set of Tales; with Some Colloquial Sketches, entitled A Few Crusted Characters. By Thomas Hardy. (One vol. Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.)—Mr. Hardy has lately told an interviewer that the notion of short stories requiring greater art than long ones seems to him absurd. "With a short story you have simply an episode to deal with, and it cannot possibly call for as much effort or for more art than a number of incidents standing as cause and effect in their relation to each other." Of course Mr. Hardy is in so far strictly right that there is, in mere quantity, considerably more labour in a three-volume novel than in a magazine story—more actual words to be set on the paper, a prolongation of the process of choosing those words, and an over-renowned necessity of defining shades of meaning. But when we come to compare quantity in effort, we have to remember that effort is of different kinds—as is also art. Sir Joshua Reynolds, soundest of critics on general principles, remarked with fatal accuracy that in all sorts of departments men were willing to undergo an immense deal of labour in order to "evade and shuffle off real labour—the real labour of thinking." Now, this real labour is demanded, proportionately, in a much higher degree by a short story than by a long. What we call invention—that is, imagination, the faculty of seeing and of giving voice to what we see—is a faculty easy enough of exercise by those who happen to possess it; and novels of much wealth, humour, and vitality may be produced, and have been produced, by simply giving it the reins. A short story demands this faculty and something more—although, of course, it does not demand that power of keeping on at a certain level required by a longer work. It demands restraint, concentration, the sacrifice not only of the irrelevant, but of the unessential and even of the less essential. Every writer of fiction has ten times more to tell than he tells; the short story writer has a hundred times more; and the art, the cruelly difficult art, of leaving out presses upon him with tenfold stringency. Here and there is born a favourite of the gods who sees his material from the beginning in the shape of a short story. Such a one, we may venture to guess, is Mr. Rudyard Kipling. But for the others, the short story can only be made successfully by the exercise of special additional labour—"the real labour of thinking." These truths Mr. Hardy seems scarcely to have grasped: therefore he thinks the short story an easier piece of work than the novel; therefore, also, his short stories are, with perhaps two exceptions, strikingly inferior to his long novels. A short story depends greatly upon design and construction, and allows little space for transitions; it has room for passion, but scarcely for fluctuation. Sudden changes of disposition or inconsistencies of character can seldom be satisfactorily displayed, and to the display of these things Mr. Hardy has always inclined. A woman who "knows her mind" is rare indeed with him, and marriage between his persons is rather a game of blind-man's buff than a matter of predilection, much less of serious resolve. The young man in this volume who picks up three girls one after another into his wagon in the course of a short journey, and proposes marriage to all three within the space of ten minutes; the two betrothed pairs who change partners for life in the course of an evening's dancing, are persons in whom their author must be supposed to believe, or he would hardly recur so often to their pattern; but for most of his readers the world appears rather more widely differentiated from Mr. Gilbert's "Engaged." This invertebrate, this almost farcical waywardness can be swallowed when it is but one ingredient among many, and especially when some of the other ingredients are so excellent as they are apt to be in Mr. Hardy's novels. But in a volume of short stories not only does this "chanceiness" of human conduct stand out more glaringly in each separate story, but is further emphasised by reappearance in any of the others. "A Group of Noble Dames" descended below the region of caricature into that of actual burlesque. "Life's Little Ironies" is on a very different plane from that unfortunate volume. It has many of Mr. Hardy's irresistible felicities of phrase, but, alas! it has also some of his equally inevitable infelicities. Why is it that a writer so often first-rate has always a second-rate touch when he describes a woman or when he attempts a piece of philosophy? These stories are consistently worse as they tend to be love-stories, and better as they tend to eliminate female interest. The highest point is touched by "A Tragedy of Two Ambitions," in which the woman is quite subordinate, and—in quite another way—by "Incident in the Life of Mr. George Crookhill" and "Absent-mindedness in a Parish Choir," wherein there are no women. The mishap of the musicians who brought hot brandy and beer to afternoon church to ward off the cold, and who, awakening somewhat dazed, fell to playing jigs, is told in Mr. Hardy's familiar rustic manner, than which few things are more absolutely delightful. Who else would have hit on that picture of the discomfited village band creeping down the gallery stairs, "all looking as little as ninepins"? It is the chance of such touches as this that makes a new volume by Mr. Hardy a thing of promise. In this instance the promise is redeemed often enough to rouse a certain remorseful sense of ingratitude in any complainer. Yet complaint is, after all, a sort of compliment: it is only because Mr. Hardy has taught us to look for the best that we complain when we get the good. CLEMENTINA BLACK.

AN ACHIEVEMENT.

Esther Waters: a Novel. By George Moore. (London, Walter Scott.)—Mr. Moore has written a masterly work, a book of simple truth and simple strength; it has the satisfying sureness of movement, the rounded and clean perfection, which mark the master's work as distinct from all tentative cleverness and wayward ingenuity of the amateur. Here is a straightforward progress towards a determined and inevitable end. This story is as absolutely right as is a piece of architecture or of music, in which the design is just and right; it creates a like impression of singleness of aim. *Mens agitat molem*: the artist has wrestled with his perplexed and complex theme, has surveyed its possibilities, has seized upon the truth and spirit animating and informing it. Eighteen years of a servant girl's

life! She is commonplace, unromantic, obvious; in mind and person unexceptional; her faults and merits ordinary; yet I know few characters more touchingly beautiful, more clearly memorable. Esther Waters is a Jeanie Deans, guilty of Effie Deans' offence. The broad statement may suggest something of her homely worth, instinctive goodness, and sturdy valour, and of the way in which they accept the consequence of her sin, making it the occasion of noble courage and devotion. Not that Esther is upon the spiritual plane of Scott's heroine; she is ignorant, of a lower class and type, "vulgar," though not brutally so. But Mr. Moore, without one idealising word, makes us feel through her story a strain of endurance and resistance, a soul of native "piety," in the Roman sense, running through and redeeming a world of English coarseness and stupidity. It has never yet been done for the class of whom Mr. Moore treats; like any Latin poet, he can boast *primus ego*. The world of "service," racing and betting, from the side of the stables, the public houses, the bookmakers; the middle lower class, as it were, neither picturesquely wretched nor strikingly wicked—all this gives Mr. Moore his scenery and substance. Esther would be the despair of most novelists, whether sensational or didactic or psychological. She is too stubborn, even dull and stupid, to be the occasion of any brilliant study in a modern manner. Most lovable, most memorable, she is not subtle and unusual; she does brave things, but with no sublimity of gesture and speech. She fights for the life of her illegitimate child, fights "against all the forces that civilisation arrays against the lowly and illegitimate." Illego has taken that theme. Mr. Moore, without splendour and without hysterics, without cynicism or sermon, moves us to as deep a pity. Read the scene in which Esther, a wet-nurse in a lady's house, realises that she is, or may be, giving life to the stranger's child at the cost of her own child's death; read her talk with Mrs. Rivers, when she insists upon seeing her child. Infinite beauty, sorrow, and passion are there, once you come to think of it; yet Mr. Moore, though making us perceive them, by I know not what cunning power of art, leaves the scene unennobled: it is still an unseemly wrangle between a servant and her mistress. And in the very prose of the scene lies its poetry: Esther's "vulgar" English conveys the grief of Rachel weeping for her children. Said Boswell to Johnson: "Will you not allow, Sir, that Fielding draws very natural pictures of human life?" Said Johnson to Boswell: "Why, Sir, it is of very low life. Richardson used to say that had he not known who Fielding was, he should have believed he was an ostler." It is no mean praise of Mr. Moore, to say that Richardson would have said the same of him. The general effect of his scenes, in their superb vigour and simplicity, their unlaboured directness and happy choice of detail, when dealing with the life and ways of whole masses, has more than a touch of the last century; though the author of "Emma Bovary" has his part in the matter also, as to the presentation of single characters. To use an abominable word, the "synthesis" of the difficult theme is masterly; no otiose anecdote, no weary accumulations of the unimportant, no desultory comment. Not a page but serves a purpose, not a character but is of use; and the book abounds in excellent minor characters—a butler, a Plymouth Sister lady, and many more. William Latch, Esther's seducer and husband; Fred Parsons, her Salvationist lover—how admirably true are these men! What natural men, each in his kind! The King's Head, that public-house in Soho—how typical a London haunt! How we see and hear its inmates and frequenters, all the life that goes in and out through its swing doors! Derby Day: the train passing out of London, the scenes on the road and course, all the impressive movement and stir, the gaiety, folly, rowdiness, business; they are alive in these pages, yet with what a sense for art, for its possibilities and limitations! The book is human, pathetic, joyous; it is busy with realities. It has nothing to say to our fashionable problems. The New Womanhood and the Higher Nervousness are absent; in their stead we have a simple, powerful, and well-written story, upon a theme older than civilisation—the love of mothers. It is set forth among modern scenes of life not commonly associated with romance or heroism. Some persons may cry out against the smell of the stable and the tap-room, but they can hardly be blind to the beautiful truth of that simple woman and brave mother, Esther Waters. LIONEL JOHNSON.

MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED'S NEW NOVEL.

Christina Chard. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. Three vols. (London: Chatto and Windus.)—The success of the society novel seems to be waning. Charitable critics will maintain that this is less the fault of the society novelist than of society. That singular masque called the London season—"smart men and women sitting round among palms and bric-à-brac," with a new pianist, an incomprehensible painter, and a French poodle—was once quite a revelation to all sorts of persons, when they read about it in stories. But now it has ceased to be entertaining, and not the cleverest story-maker can freshen it. The hand of Mrs. Campbell Praed is sufficiently practised, but the puppets won't dance any longer. The political perusses, the silly lordlings, the cynical young women who drop into expletives when they would talk most earnestly, the sentimental colonels, and the curious female men—whether painters or tenors—begin to discover themselves as rather dreary anomalies. Having no knack of attending to realities, they have begun to fail in fiction as sadly and as inevitably as they have failed in fact. Testimony to this is furnished by the well-penned pages of Mrs. Campbell Praed's latest novel. The monotony of the masque never seemed so monotonous. Here are the scenes we know of: the balls, the dinners in Belgrave Square and the House of Commons, the Sunday "at homes," the private views, Ascot, and the French gowns and French poodles; and the figures that move before us are generally the correct and most accomplished types; and the clever ones talk all the new jargons in undertones; but somehow the whole pageant seems so unimportant and so dull. Lifelike it may be, but this kind of life has ceased to touch the interest or to captivate the fancy of the readers of novels. All representations of it in fiction begin to weary them, as the life itself appears to weary

five out of six of the actors themselves. "We think we are the main hoop to the barrel, and we turn out to be but a very incidental splinter in one of the staves," Mr. Henry James makes a fashionable somebody say in one of his dialogues. That is the sort of feeling one has nowadays about the "society set" as depicted by the able hand. In Mrs. Campbell Praed's latest the reader is introduced to an astute Australian financier, whose father was a convict, and who brings to London an irresistible daughter with hair of Titian red to assist him in floating a company. The girl, Christina Chard, is described as a missing link between the old civilisation and the new, but the half-told tragedy which makes up her past has given her an end-of-the-century conscience—base, hard, and conventional. There is no real excuse for the quite unremunerative moral iniquities she is guilty of during a brief hour of triumph in London, and, as she certainly has not heart enough to feel the weight of them, the prosaic reader shuts up the book with a conviction that circumstance and the author have been all too kind to her. The nice girl, Frederica, who wants to resign her lover to Christina, seems to submit rather too softly to cruel usage; and there is a little of the unreal in the scene of her renunciation. There are many minor characters, but their "values," to use a painter's term, are not great. They give little life to the picture, but their lack of individuality is not necessarily a reproach to Mrs. Campbell Praed. It may be a tribute to her skill in observation. As a book written, not for the day, but for the moment, "Christina Chard" should repay its author; but it leaves her reputation where it was. TIGHE HOPKINS.

AN OLD-WORLD GOSSIP.

Letters of Harriet, Countess Granville. (Longmans.)—I wonder whether any lady of quality nowadays has either the wit or the inclination to keep up such a sprightly and voluminous correspondence as that of Harriet, Countess Granville. These letters have a delightful piquancy and verve. They throw interesting side-lights on great events, and they present some very exalted personages in attitudes which are unknown to the mere historian. In the endless volumes which have been written about the Duke of Wellington, who has ever described him as a beau? "The poor Beau" is Lady Granville's favourite phrase for the hero of Waterloo. She had a woman's remorseless intuition of his small vanities, and she watched with insatiable humour the avidity with which he accepted the flatteries of the ladies who buzzed about him. Sometimes the satire is directed unconsciously to her own address. She tells her sister how pleased she is, and even morally elevated, by the departure of a certain Mr. Montagu. Now he is gone she perceives what an inveterate scandal-monger he was; how he was perpetually noting the glances of the company, and the blushes which rose unlawfully to forbidden cheeks. Yet the enjoyment of scandal in a not unkindly way was to this vivacious chronicler the salt of life. To the world in general I have no doubt she was a model of discretion; but to her sister, in the privacy of an affectionate correspondence, she was eager to impart every impression of the motley character around her with all the candour of a quick-witted woman of fashion. Her skill in portrait-painting with a few firm touches was remarkable. Here is Miss O'Neill, the famous actress. "She snubbed us all, which is not prepossessing, struts about, and throws out sentences in a low tragedy tone, looks short, thick, and vulgar, and coldly receives any conversation bearing upon her art." You see at once the insufferable pretence of this woman, who apes the supercilious disdain of a great lady for the profession to which she owed her social existence. Equally vivid is this sketch of an aristocratic dame: "She knows everybody, every shop, every Royalty, and every drug. She seems excellent and amiable, bearing wretched health with exemplary patience: but, fatal word and pray secret, she is tiresome, in a fever about trifles, and talking incessantly about nothing." Who has not met that type in all classes of society? With a stroke of the pen, Lady Granville hits off the small diplomatic fry to the life. At the Hague she catalogues them according to their nationalities: "Russian. Two large carcasses, with orders and tall daughters. . . . A number of minor *envoyés* who do nothing but bow and wear spectacles. Dutch. The authorities of the town, and their wives. Broad, respectable, matter-of-fact people, that can never offend or please one." A certain Dutchman "dresses of a morning in a Japan silk bed-gown, makes tea, and asks Granville, with low bows, 'When your Excellency has a sequence from a king, which do you play first?'" There is an Englishman, Mr. Chad, "merry, intelligent, devoted," who falls in love with a Dutch diplomatist's wife. There is a great deal of amorous irregularity in these letters. When the diplomatists were not engaged in revising the map of Europe, they were always trying to annex the affections of ladies who were already allotted. "Forgive a little Dutch scandal. Our Chad is desperately in love with her; her husband is all kindness to her, but very unhappy about it, as she, though *d'une réputation intacte*, is unhappy about it, evidently struggling with her own *penchant* for the *dit* Chad. So all we see of her is for a moment—the adorer on one side, the anxious spouse on the other. She looks embarrassed, and takes the earliest opportunity to depart." How graphic this is! You have the little scene before your eyes—the uncomfortable Dutch gentleman, the impetuous English attaché, the lady struggling with her *penchant*. "The men are deplorable," adds Lady Granville judiciously—meaning their manners, not their morals—"which accounts for Mr. Chad being lover-general at the Hague." I wonder whether Mr. Chad ever served his country in any other way. Of a much more famous man nothing so biting as this was ever written: "Talleyrand crawled past me last night like a lizard on a wall." Another Frenchman had a happier fate: "Monsieur de Puysegur is really *concentré* into one wrinkle. It is the oldest, gayest, thinnest, most withered and most brilliant thing one can meet with. When there are so many young fat fools going about the world, I wish for the transmigration of souls. Puysegur might animate a whole family." Certainly a few judicious extracts from these sparkling letters might animate a whole history of the period of which they treat. L. F. AUSTIN.

ART NOTES.

The Summer Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries more than fulfils the forecast of those who looked most hopefully on the scheme. The committee have exercised unexceptionable taste in the difficult task of selection, and most wisely have interpreted the term "Fair Women" in a catholic spirit. Margaret Tudor, Diane de Poitiers, and Elizabeth de Valois had charms which played no small part in the history of the world; but as depicted by Holbein, Clouet, and Sir Antonio More they would scarcely find favour with judges of modern beauty; but *La bella Simonetta*, by Botticelli; *Catarina Cornaro*, by Titian; and *Palma Vecchio's Flora* are of a type and rendering which captivate men's hearts and eyes of all ages. In the Music Room, Sir Peter Lely, Rembrandt, Rubens, and Vandyck are worthily represented by some of their most effective portraits; and besides these there are interesting specimens by less known artists such as Jean François de Troy, Mary Beale, and Jonathan Richardson. These are more noteworthy for the persons whom they portrayed than for their own works; but it is different when we pass on to the brilliant galaxy of beauty and distinction offered by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner, Romney, and Sir Thomas Lawrence. Thanks to the efforts of the ladies who were associated with the executive committee, an unrivalled collection of the fair women—in the strictest sense of the words—of the eighteenth century has been brought together, and never since the years of the National Portrait Exhibitions at Kensington has such a display of choice works of art been exhibited. The centre room brings us down to our own times, and it is with satisfaction that we find portraits like Mr. G. F. Watts's *Bianca*; Professor Herkomer's *Miss Grant*, and Sir John Millais' *Miss Tennant* (Mrs. F. Myers) able to sustain the reputation of our contemporaries when placed side by side with the masterpieces of the *maestri* of the last century. In addition to the oil paintings—of which there are upwards of two hundred—there are some exquisite miniatures and an almost inexhaustible supply of "fair women's" accessories in the form of lace, embroidery, fans, combs, enamels, and jewellery. For these articles the treasures of the Princess of

or training; but it is enough to say that M. Chipiez has among competent scholars and archaeologists many warm supporters. This should be sufficient to give weight and value to the interesting drawings in this volume, which purport to set before our eyes the temples and palaces of the earlier inhabitants of Greece. In any case, it will be found to contain a *résumé* of the latest labours of Greek archaeologists and of the schools which are endeavouring to bring to light the art-history of a remote past.



THE MODEL VILLAGE OF KOOBEB, NEAR CAIRO.

It is gratifying to find that seed sown in these columns sometimes brings forth fruit. Some months back attention was called to the very unsatisfactory treatment of our national collection of armour, which for historical interest is scarcely inferior to that of Madrid or Vienna. The greater portion of it is stored at the Tower of London, where there is reason to believe it often meets with rough treatment. The Financial Secretary of the War Office, hoping to be able to find a small sum available for the

THE KHEDIVE'S MODEL VILLAGE OF KOOBEB.

The village of Koobeh, which lies about four miles north-east of Cairo, is in the neighbourhood of a favourite residence of the Khedive, and is a portion of his personal estate. The Khedive has of late been giving close attention to the improvement of this village, and doing what he can to amend the conditions of domestic life among the fellahen or peasantry there. Our illustrations are from photographs taken in the streets of the model village at Koobeh. Each of the doors gives entrance to a small square yard and a two-roomed house, the whole being built of well-formed, sun-dried mud bricks, and with complete cooking and washing arrangements. These buildings, though very different from the cottages required by the English working classes in our climate, are neat and comfortable; they must have a wholesome influence upon the families who dwell in such houses. The village is about a mile and a quarter from the Koobeh Palace; and for its own protection and that of the palace the Khedive has established a fire-station, replete with all the best and most modern European appliances, supplied by the well-known firm of Messrs. Merryweather and Sons, of Long Acre and of Greenwich Road, London. The photographs were taken by Mr. Gilbert Gilkes, who, with Colonel North, Mr. Merryweather, Mr. Spencer, M.P., and Mr. Alderson, of Alexandria, visited Koobeh, and, by special permission from the Khedive, inspected and tested the capabilities of the native fire brigade. They rang an electric bell in the fire-station from the barracks at the Palace. In seven minutes and a half the engine had been brought from the station and set to work. The trial of this fire-extinguishing plant had a rather special interest from the fact that a large order had just been placed in Mr. Merryweather's hands by the Egyptian Government. The water for the model village at Koobeh is supplied from the adjoining canals by a large pumping plant which lifts the water to the highest level necessary for the irrigation of the estate. Some of this water falls again to a lower level, close to the village; and particulars of this little water-power were



A SCENE IN KOOBEB.

Wales, the Duchess of York, the Duchess of Teck, the Duke of Portland, and Baroness Burdett-Coutts have been laid under contribution, with results which will more than satisfy the most exacting curiosity-hunters. It is impossible within the compass of a single article to give an adequate idea of the attractions offered by the "Fair Women" at the Grafton Galleries.

The sixth volume of "L'Histoire de l'Art" (Hachette), by MM. Perrot and Chipiez, deals with the earlier phases of Greek art, and especially with the Mycenaean period, on which the excavations of Dr. Schliemann threw so much light. Time, bringing with it increased information and calmer criticism, has rejected many of the hasty conclusions which the ardent explorer imagined had given the key to the Homeric myth. He thought that at Hissarlik he had discovered the real Troy of Priam and of Hector, only to be shown later that beneath his Troy were at least four other buried cities. At Mycenæ he thought he had found the actual tombs of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra—with their original occupants undisturbed; but the wise men of Greece and Western Europe declared that the royal tombs might indeed hold the remains of the ancestors of that fated family, but that they in reality belonged to those who had lived some centuries before Homer was born or the Trojan War had been undertaken. M. Perrot traces with great care and clearness the results of recent excavations, and examines in an impartial spirit the various theories which have been put forward. It would be mere presumption on our part to attempt to decide upon questions which require special aptitude

salary of an expert or of a properly qualified body of advisers, has referred the whole question of a national armoury to a committee consisting of Viscount Dillon, Baron Henri de Cosson, and General Sir J. F. Donnelly, K.C.B., the Secretary of the Science and Art Department, and on the issue of their report, which will be awaited with considerable interest, Mr. Woodall hopes to be able to provide the means of carrying out their recommendations.



THE KHEDIVE'S FIRE BRIGADE AT KOOBEB.

taken by Mr. Gilkes, under the Khedive's instructions, with a view to applying the power now wasted in charging the storage batteries of an electric launch.

The construction of works to prevent the pollution of rivers and estuaries by sewage is a department of civil engineering more important to the health and comfort of the people in these days than either railway or canal or harbour construction. We therefore hail with much satisfaction the appearance of a second edition, published by Messrs. Charles Griffin and Co. (Limited), of Mr. W. Santo Crisp's valuable treatise, revised and enlarged, on "Sewage Disposal Works," furnished with thirty-seven lithographed plates and many smaller diagrams or other minor illustrations. The author, who for some years had charge of the main drainage works of the Metropolis north of the Thames, and was district engineer to the London County Council, is a consulting engineer of high special reputation upon these matters; but his scientific explanations and his practical instructions can best be appreciated by readers who are themselves more or less experts in similar operations, or who have carefully observed the results, even on a small scale, in their own locality. A great part of the book, however, being rather historical and descriptive, is within the easy comprehension of the general reader, and should be interesting to all who are acquainted with the cities and towns and rural districts where such beneficial works have been achieved or attempted, and who wish to learn the conditions of their success.

THE G.O.M. OF GREATER ENGLAND.

A TALK WITH SIR GEORGE GREY.

When he came back to us the other day, we greeted Sir George Grey as the Grand Old Man of Greater England, as an outstanding personality among the historic figures of our Anglo-Saxon world. We did that by instinct. But to see something of him is to understand why he fills so unique a position.

An hour with Sir George Grey makes one feel good for a whole day after; feel somehow as if all one's lights that had failed were burning again. The distinction of character, the loftiness of purpose, the complete effacement of self, the joyous hope, which verily sit round him, are in the making of this impression. But the inmost note of all, I take it, is—and during his long life has been—a simple faith, as of one wearing russet-brown homespun. Our kinsfolk away over the seas best know how fine a humanness girdles their Old Man, as his touch girdles the empire. There is still time for us to learn.

Sir George takes his years blithesomely. They find him frail, with his face wrinkled and his hair white. But they have not withered the gleam in the eyes, which is as of old. Saving the rusty joints, he is youth itself, and with so many stores to draw upon, I need not say a charming talker.

"Would you mind, Sir George, telling me how you first thought of going out into Greater England at all?"—thus we started.

"Well, that can be done in a word. You know that my father was a soldier; that I was born in the midst of the Peninsular War, that I was trained to soldiering. At Sandhurst I was naturally known to many of the Peninsular officers, and I was most kindly treated by men like Lord Fitzroy Somerset. After Sandhurst I went to Ireland, saw much of the country, its people, ways, and problems, although I was young, and got tired of the lazy life of a barrack-yard."

"You saw nothing for you but the ordinary life of an officer, and you thought the prospect a little monotonous?"

"Quite so. I had been looking into the subject of the Colonies, and I thought that a settlement should be founded on the north-west coast of Australia, because everybody believed that the great rivers came out there. The assumption, having regard to the lack of great rivers elsewhere in Australia, was that they must come out on the west and north-west, the great extent of desert in the continent not then being known."

"In fine, those parts of Australia were unexplored, unknown?"

"Yes, and as I had friends among the leading men of the day, I put before them a proposal for exploration. After a little, I got leave of absence, and started for Australia to see what we could make of its west and north-west territory. Lieutenant Lushington, a friend of mine, accompanied me; and another friend, Mr. Frederick Smith, although he missed us at the leaving of England, subsequently joined us in Australia."

"I think you sailed from Plymouth within a few days of the succession of Queen Victoria to the throne?"

"We were waiting at Plymouth to take ship when her Majesty succeeded to the throne, and I remember very well hearing her proclaimed at Plymouth. When I landed at Plymouth on my present visit, that scene, although so many years have gone, sprang very vividly into my recollection."

"Then, Sir George, as a link between the mother country and the Colonies you are precisely contemporary with the Victorian era. Now, of your whole work in the Colonies, what part do you look back on with most interest?"

"I don't think, frankly, that I could say; all my work has been interesting, and it's difficult to pick out one part more than another. For a young man to be asked—a Queen's messenger pelting out all the way to him—to take over the government of South Australia was not an easy, and so an interesting thing. Again, the dealing with the native question in New Zealand and the making of New Zealand into a self-governing country—I had made a study of New Zealand before ever I went there—were not light matters. But, as I say, I'm really not able to put my finger on any special spot in the past and say: 'Yes, that's the most interesting to me.'"

"Outside your work you have, no doubt, Sir George, had some hobbies. What have they been?"

"I have always been something of a naturalist, and loving books much, I have gathered together more than one library. As a naturalist I was in correspondence with Sir Richard Owen, Sir Charles Lyell, and other well-known scientific men. I have made considerable finds one time or another; but, then, when I first went to Australia it was only necessary to go outside the door to fall upon a new species of animal."

"You were, I believe, the pioneer of public libraries in Greater England?"

"I did collect my books with that object; I thought it most necessary as the Colonies became inhabited that they should have libraries. One library I founded in South Africa, another in Auckland, these being my two largest undertakings in that direction. I could in those days get valuable books and manuscripts cheaper than they could be got now."

"Do you think, Sir George, you could tell me the precise history of your sending of troops from South Africa to assist in suppressing the Indian Mutiny?" It struck me that historically, in dramatic glamour, this was one of the most notable events in his career as "Prancing Pro-Consul."

"As you know, I was Governor at the Cape, and one day there came from Bombay a steamer with a message

to me. Lord Canning was Viceroy of India, and Lord Elphinstone Governor of Bombay, and the message was from the latter. He said, in substance, that he feared there was to be trouble in India, but that he was not certain whether it was merely to be a disturbance or a mutiny. Accordingly, he left it to me to decide what I should do by way of sending help."

"You were in a position of extreme responsibility without much light to guide you?"

"I knew at least that religion was involved in the trouble, and knowing that, and the natives of India, thought I had the secret to my course. I decided without hesitation that the trouble was to be very serious, that probably it might mean the loss of India, and that I must send assistance to the last man. We had troops to keep the Kaffirs in order, but I was on very good terms with the chiefs, and most of the troops could be spared. I rode round the country among all the chiefs, explained the position, and put it to them could I depend upon them to hold the peace. They gave me their promise, and they kept their word."

"You shipped all the fighting men and munitions you could spare directly away to Bombay?"

"Keeping sufficient force, of course, to secure that there could not, by any chance, be a blaze in South Africa as well as in India. People at the Cape gave up their private horses to be sent, there being no undertaking to pay for them, although that was subsequently done. My own horses went, and my aide-de-camp took charge of the artillery which we were able to dispatch."

"So far, that was South African assistance, and now



THE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE GREY, K.C.B.

about the troops on their way from England to China which you detached on to India?"

"Some of the troop-ships on their way to China to Lord Elgin touched at the Cape. Adrian Hope, a truly fine fellow, was in command of the first batch that put in at the Cape. He called on me, and I told him of the crisis in India, and said that instead of going to Singapore he must go direct to Calcutta. I explained that I took the full responsibility for his doing so, and added that unless he took my orders, other officers en route for China, who followed, would most likely refuse to do so. He said eventually he would go if I put my orders in writing; and I did so, and he went. We sent out a steamer to intercept other troop-ships, with orders to any fallen in with to go to Calcutta. Meantime, I had heard that Lord Canning, a most humane man, anxious to avoid all sort of unnecessary severity, was hopeful that the threatening storm would blow over. That made me a little anxious at what I had done, and I wrote home saying so, and taking the full responsibility. Then came news of the tremendous crisis the Mutiny was, and of the march of our South African troops, under Sir Colin Campbell, towards Lucknow."

"So Downing Street with its red tape did not get at you that time?"

"No, but they were to have come down hard on me for another thing I did. I got word from Lord Elphinstone—this was after we had sent forward all the forces—that the Mutiny was to break out in Bombay on a certain day—a religious festival. What assistance could I send to prevent the outbreak? I raised two regiments, chiefly of men from the disbanded German Legion, and they reached Bombay in time to prevent the outbreak. To raise regiments so was utterly unconstitutional, as I knew, and as the home authorities promptly notified me with a promise of a further dispatch to follow. But I heard nothing more, for the news had meantime reached England of what those two regiments had succeeded in doing."

"If your judgment had been wrong, what would have happened to you for altering the destination of the China army, and for unconstitutionally raising the final two regiments?"

"I knew well the burden I was carrying, the risk I was running; and if I had been wrong I should simply have been removed. As matters went, it was threatened to impeach me."

"So far as one can see, if you had not acted as you did, Lucknow would have fallen, the Mutiny would have communicated itself to Bombay, and India might have been lost?"

"It is hard for anyone to speak of what might have happened, and here it is especially hard for me. But still, what you have indicated is what, allowing for the limitations of human judgment, might probably have happened. The artillery sent from the Cape under the command of my own aide-de-camp were of material importance in securing the capture of Lucknow."

So cautious an opinion even, I only dragged from Sir George as if by horses, and yet the point is already settled in history.

"I think you have always, even from your earliest years, had in view the making of a great Anglo-Saxon federation?"

"Yes, that is true. When I was soldiering in Ireland, with nothing very much to do and plenty of time to think, I saw the hope of the thing. It seemed to me that the new world of the southern hemisphere ought to grow up under two conditions. First, it should grow up under the Anglo-Saxon tongue; and secondly, it should grow up unfettered by the traditions, the worn-out customs of the old world. I thought it would be to the advantage of the whole world that the newer half of it should rise under the Anglo-Saxon, and I have laboured for that end. There are one or two parts of the southern hemisphere where we might, with a longer foresightedness, have been and are not, but these are not important enough to be an obstacle in the way of a great Anglo-Saxon federation."

"At times there has been talk in the Colonies as well as in England of cutting the golden strand—you make no consequence of that?"

"No; the Anglo-Saxon people the world over must grow together—it is as inevitable to me as daylight following night. You understand, too, that I include in my idea not England and her Colonies alone, but America, the greatest child of the mother country. If the struggle between the northern and southern States of America had gone otherwise than it did we should have been set back some way. But then it did not go otherwise, nor have one or two other critical events made palpably against Anglo-Saxon union. What did the Alabama arbitration mean? what the Behring Sea arbitration? Surely they but illustrate the drawing together of the Anglo-Saxon race. There can never be strife again between America and England—after all these arbitrations—and if we had this Anglo-Saxon federation there could hardly be strife in the world at all."

"It would make for peace! How?"

"The dominance of the Anglo-Saxon in the southern hemisphere means the impossibility of war there. That has been attained to all intents and purposes, and an Anglo-Saxon federation would only have to put down its foot to prevent a war between European nations. True, the force to do that would be moral force, but it would merely be the more powerful on that account."

"Am I right in assuming that all the advanced legislation of which you are the father in Australasia is intended to be not merely directly beneficial, but beneficial in another sense by making for Anglo-Saxon union?"

"Precisely. If there is to be union, it must be based on the will of the people—on the free will and doing of the great mass of the people. To build otherwise would be absurd and impossible; the people, every one of them, must be the builders—all on an equality. Some folks might call me advanced in politics—in the treatment of social and labour questions—everything affecting the people. Dear me! I call myself a Conservative. Old machinery won't drive a new world; the old changes, and must be replaced. Take the women's vote, which is now a hard and fast and excellent fact in New Zealand. You'll have it in England by-and-by, but for the present you are losing half your available intellect. You are only utilising half the intellect of the nation, and less, I make bold to say, than half the virtues of the nation."

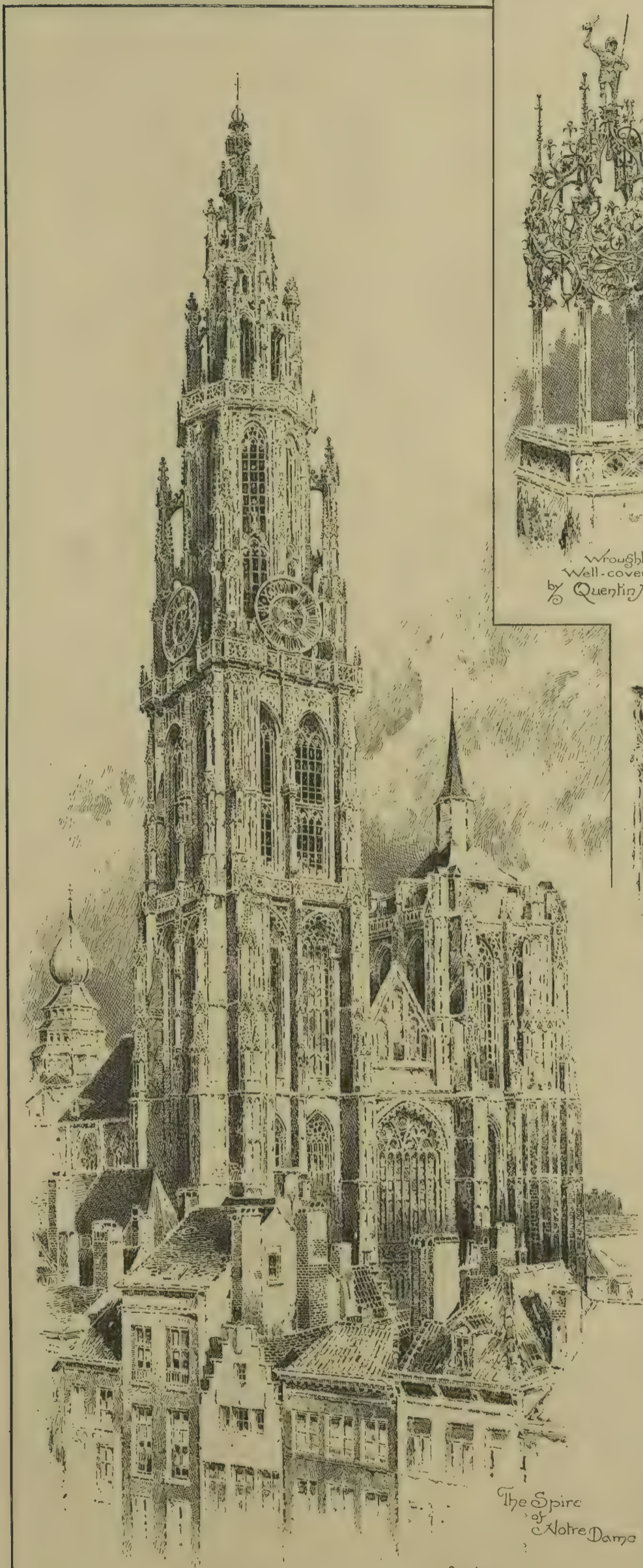
"Glancing down your half-century's work you see us much nearer than we were to the making of what might be called Anglo-Saxondom?"

"Undoubtedly. Strides towards that end have been made in all directions, and, as I have said, unconsciously are being made every day. It would not be a hard-and-fast union, but one of looser and stronger make, with nothing in it to hamper the individuality of one country or another. Simply there would be a great Anglo-Saxon head council, meeting when it was necessary—at London one time, at New York next, in Australasia a third time—to discharge all the affairs, and only the affairs, pertaining to Anglo-Saxondom as a whole."

"The opposition you got here a quarter of a century ago did not so much as dull your faith, I imagine, Sir George?"

"Not in the least. The bulk of the statesmanship of the time was against me, but I should like to say that always I received so much sympathy, support, and kindness that I now remember nothing but that."

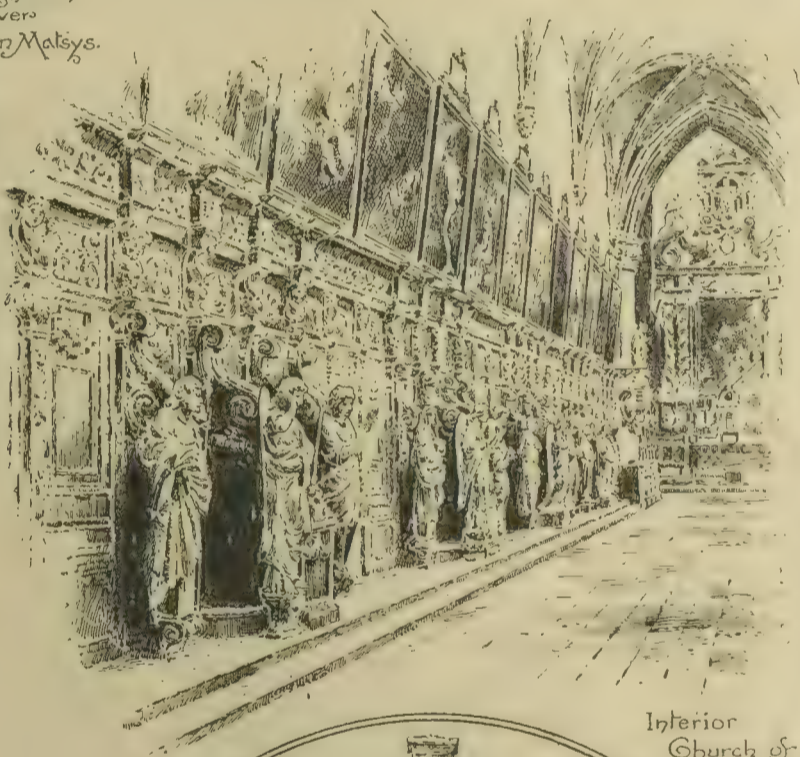
So came to a period my audience of one of the greatest English pro-consuls of the century, the first statesman in the affection and achievement of Australasian democracy.



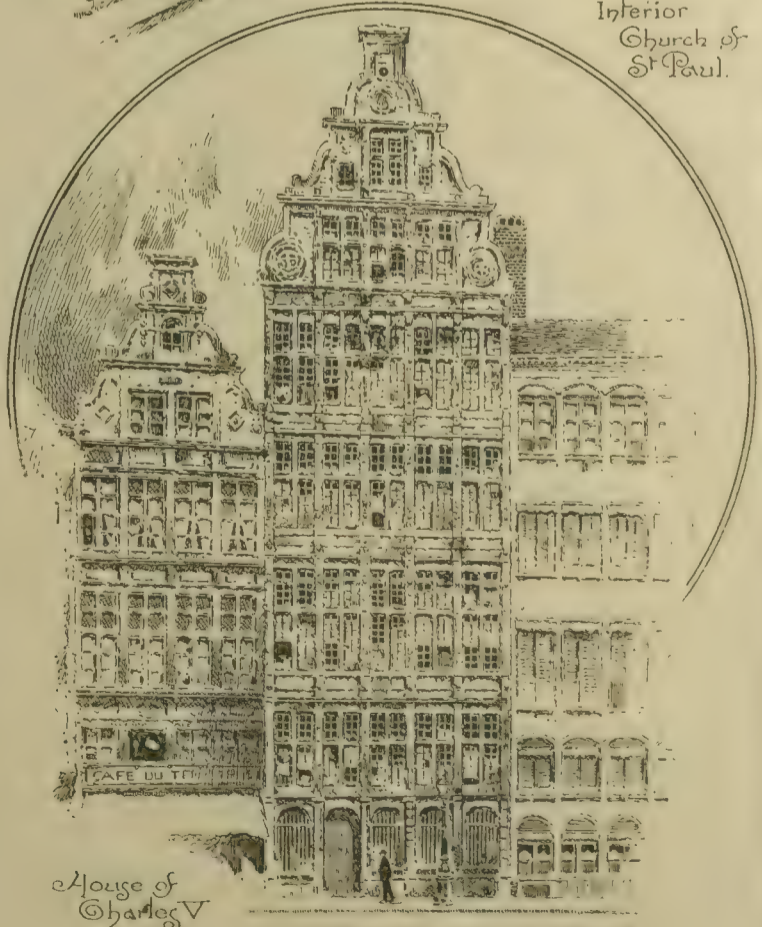
Wrought Iron
Well-cover
by Quentin Matsys.



Courtyard
Plantin Museum



Interior
Church of
St Paul.



House of
Charles V

ANTWERP

Wm. P. Robinson
1894

The Spire
of Notre Dame

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Long ago I remember hearing a character in a drama—I think it was one of Boncicault's—remark that Nature was "a rum 'un." As applied to human nature, I think this observation holds exceedingly true. I have been reading an account of the death, in a London hospital, of a poor wretch who was called "the human ostrich," and who perished on account of the loading up and breaking down of his digestive apparatus from the multiplicity and variety of the objects he had swallowed. If one half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives, an illustration of this saying may certainly be found in the mode of life of "O. W.," the labourer in question, who admitted that "to gain a livelihood he would swallow penny pieces, half-pence, pieces of tin, paper, cork, swivels, watch-chains, keys, tin tacks, nails, pieces of indiarubber, sovereign-purses, &c." This is the surgeon's account of the man's own confession. Well, "O. W." died in hospital last month, and at the post-mortem, in addition to fragments of newspaper, the following list of miscellaneous articles was found in his digestive system. The list is an astonishing one, in view of the survival of the poor wretch for so long a period after his ingestion of the articles: forty pieces of cork (cut bottle-corks), thirty pieces of doubled tinfoil, nine pennies, one iron ring (size of a penny), ten or twelve pieces of clay-pipe stems, a leaden bullet, a rubber ring from a lemonade-bottle, three pieces of leather an inch square, string, cotton, newspaper, a piece of leather nine inches long, with a stout hook at each end (one of these hooks had perforated the intestine), a piece of string about a foot long with tinfoil and corks attached, and "a few other smaller things." The account adds that he was also known to have eaten bottles!

I remember when a lad being much interested in the account of a certain sailor who was given to swallow knives. The recital, if I mistake not, was published in *Chambers's Miscellany*. The sailor's name was John Cummings. He was an American by birth, and the number of knives he swallowed was thirty-five. In the end, this man died in a London hospital from disease, the result of his peculiar proclivities; but for ten years he must have lived with his stomach in the condition of a miniature armoury. I suppose there is no accounting for the ways of such persons. Their peculiarities are not explicable on medical grounds whereon cases of a ravenous and illimitable appetite for ordinary food are to be accounted for. A man may eat sufficient for half-a-dozen men at a meal, and apparently be none the worse for it. He may undertake this piece of gastronomical bravado for a wager, or may simply be impelled to eat prodigiously through the influence of a depraved appetite; but in any case, although he may tax his digestion severely, he does not necessarily kill himself with utterly indigestible objects. I hear of a case in which an attendant at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris ate the whole of a dead lion; and of another degraded Parisian who ate a live cat, and afterwards actually took to cannibalism itself. Within the bounds of our own islands men have eaten a whole sheep at a sitting, and have devoured a raw sucking-pig. These feats are astonishing enough in themselves. They testify, amid all their degradation, to the wonderful elasticity of the human organism as regards both its structure and function. But as for the stone-eaters, bottle-ingesters, and knife and spoon swallowers, I think if there exists any piece of legislation directed against self-destruction at all, it should assuredly be put in operation to stop all such useless, disgusting, and bestial exhibitions.

A very interesting observation has lately been made on the sensitiveness of the Venus' fly-trap (*Dionaea*), the insect-eating plant of North American marshes, whose divided leaf, with its three sensitive hairs on each half, must be well known to most of my readers. An insect walking on the leaf-surface, and touching the hairs, excites the sensitiveness of the plant, which closes its leaf on the prey, kills it, and then, by pouring out a digestive fluid on it, digests it and absorbs the digested matters for food. This, roughly speaking, is the *modus operandi* of the Venus' fly-trap.

A recent observation made by Dr. J. M. Macfarlane, an American botanist (trained, if I mistake not, in Edinburgh), shows that the leaf will only close when two impressions or touches are made. One touch has no effect; and, moreover, it seems that there must be an interval between the two impressions, otherwise the stimulus will be of none effect. It is said that this interval must amount to about fifty or sixty seconds to ensure the closure of the leaf, but the temperature may produce a certain variation in this respect. The effect of the first stimulus is retained for about four minutes; after that period the second stimulus will not produce any closure of the leaf-halves, but will represent simply a first touch.

This peculiarity of requiring two applications of a stimulus seems to possess a definite enough meaning in the plant's life. Suppose something which is not digestible touches the leaf, it simply falls on the leaf's surface, gives rise to one stimulus, and then remains inert. The leaf is saved all the trouble of closing to no purpose. If, however, an insect alights on it there is no question of the number of stimuli which its movements will impart to the leaf, and so induce application of the closure principle. It is pointed out that if a piece of gravel, hitting the leaf, rebounded, and thus gave two stimuli, the necessary interval which must elapse between the touches would operate here to prevent the leaf troubling itself over that which is not eatable. Darwin long ago had shown that drops of water or rain had no effect in causing the leaf of the *Dionaea* to close. This seems to indicate a wonderful amount of adaptation to its surroundings; nor does blowing on the delicate hairs influence the leaf-movements. Solid objects alone affect the sensitiveness; and it is also curious to note that if the leaf is made to close over a bit of glass or other inorganic object its glands do not pour out their digestive fluid, as is the case when an insect or a piece of meat is offered to the leaf. Clearly, plant-life, in certain of its phases, is not the dull, mechanical, passive thing many of us suppose it to be.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

A HILL (Belfast).—Kindly send us another copy of game. With the mass of our correspondence your cutting seems to have been accidentally destroyed, for which we are sorry, but your next contribution shall have special care bestowed upon it.

A L S (Smeeth).—We are much obliged for the games, which we trust will prove suitable for early publication.

W G MORRY (Boston, U.S.A.).—Your try will not do, and you will probably find problems not so easy as you think, even with the information given. The best way to learn to play well is to engage with better players than yourself.

G DOUGLAS ANGAS.—Problem shall be examined.

H O POKER (Plymouth).—Thanks, we can now look at it without fear of mistake.

ERNESTO WERNA (Rio de Janeiro).—No. 1 can be solved by 1. Q to R 8th (ch). We should be glad to see the problem in an amended form, as the idea is a good one. No. 2 is of no use.

CHARLES BURNETT (Biggleswade).—In correcting your problem you have omitted to notice there is no mate if Kt or P takes R.

L DESANGES.—Thanks for contribution, which shall receive usual attention.

J W SHAW (Montreal).—The effort unfortunately seems too late.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2608 received from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2613 from J Ross (Whitley), Charles Burnett, T G (Ware), Admiral Brandreth, and E G Boys; of No. 2614 from Charles Wagner (Vienna), E G Boys, J Ross (Whitley), W E Thompson, Ubique, T G (Ware), R Worters (Canterbury), J F Moon, A J Habgood (Haslar), Sorrento, J Bailey (Newark), Admiral Brandreth, and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2615 received from Charles Burnett, W Highy, W R Raillem, Emile Frau (Lyons), A J Habgood, R H Brooks, H E Lee, E Loudon, J Coad, H S Brandreth, G Joicey, Alpha, Martin F, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), W Wright, W P Hind, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), C D (Camberwell), M Burke, Shadforth, A Newman, T G (Ware), Charles Wagner (Vienna), H B Hurford, E B Ford, Dawn, J D Tucker (Leeds), J Dixon, Dr F St, F Waller (Luton), R H Brooks, F Armitage, L Desanges, and Admiral Brandreth.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF MR A GUNTZER'S PROBLEM received from M A Eyre (Folkestone), J Dixon, T G (Ware), R H Brooks, Charles Wagner (Vienna), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), F Waller (Luton), W P Hind, G Joicey, H E Lee, Emile Frau (Lyons), W R Raillem, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), J Bailey, M Burke, Charles Burnett, H Millward, G T Hughes (Athy), and J Hull.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2614.—By PERCY HEALEY.

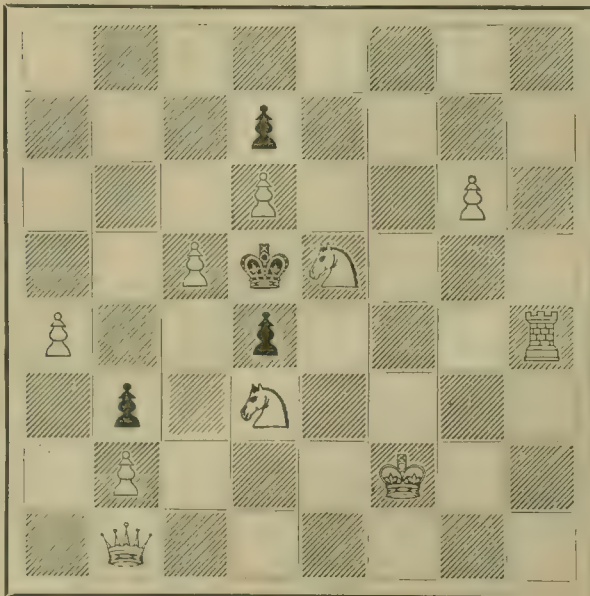
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 5th B takes P
2. Q to B 4th (ch) K takes Kt
3. P mates

If Black play 1. B to B 6th or Q 5th, 2. Kt to B 6th (ch); if 1. B takes Kt, 2. Q takes R P (ch); if 1. K takes Kt, 2. Q to B 6th (ch); and if 1. Any other, then 2. Q to B 4th, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2617.

By W. FINLAYSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN CANADA.

The following game was played at the Cosmopolitan Club, Montreal, between Messrs. STEINITZ and LASKER.

(Queen's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	advance fast becoming dangerous, and obtains an attack that must be carefully watched.	
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd		
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	18. P takes P	R to Kt sq
4. B to Kt 5th		19. Q to B 3rd	B takes Kt P
		20. K Kt to Q 4th	Q to Kt 3rd
		21. P to B 3rd	B to Q 2nd
		22. Kt to B 4th	Q to Kt 5th
		23. Q R to Kt sq	Q takes Q
		By forcing this exchange Black virtually saves himself. White's last few moves have been marked by extreme caution, and, possibly, bolder play might have fared better, but some allowance must be made for natural anxiety at so critical a moment.	
		24. P takes Q	K R to B sq
		25. Kt to R 5th	P to Kt 3rd
		26. Kt to B 4th	B to B sq
		27. Kt (B 4) to K 2	B to Kt 2nd
		28. P to R 5th	P to Kt 4th
		29. P to K B 4th	Kt to K 5th
		Another fine move, which only an unerring defence can successfully meet. On both sides the chess is again of the highest order.	
		30. R to Kt 2nd	
		B takes Kt would give Black the advantage of two powerful Bishops, and is therefore not adopted.	
		31. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 4th
		32. Kt P takes P	R takes P
		33. Kt to Q 2nd	Kt takes Kt
		34. K takes Kt	P to B 3rd
		35. K P takes P	B takes P
		36. P takes P	B takes R
		37. R to Q Kt sq	K to B sq
		38. B takes R	K to K 2nd
		39. Kt to Q 4th	R to B 4th
		40. B to R 2nd	R to Q 3rd
		41. K to Q 3rd	K to Q 3rd
		42. R to Kt 2nd	B to Kt 5th
		43. R to Kt 6th (ch)	K to B 2nd
		44. R to R 6th	K to Kt 2nd
		The game is now drawn, as neither player can afford the other breathing space.	

The play on both sides is perfect, and commands admiration for the rapidity of Black on one hand, and the accuracy of White on the other. If the latter, however, were not so heavily handicapped in the match, and must, therefore, try for a win, 11. B takes B would have simplified matters.

A bold line of action, with the curious result that Black secures an attack on the Queen's side, while White operates on the other. It now becomes a race for time between the two attacks.

One of those moves of which this game has other examples that are a delight to everybody who can appreciate fine play. It at one stroke arrests the opposing

We learn from a correspondent that there was great excitement in the Montreal Club on Mr. Steinitz winning the second game played in that city, loud and prolonged cheers greeting his success. It seems, however, only a temporary arrest of Mr. Lasker's victorious career.

The game between Messrs. Bird and Rolland published in our issue of May 12 was wrongly described as one from the late Divan tournament. It was received by us under the impression that such was the case. We regret to find it was played under quite different circumstances.

A strong team of Manchester players journeyed to London last week to play a series of matches against the St. George's, Metropolitan, and the British Chess Clubs. On May 17 they met the St. George's, and, after a creditable stand, were defeated by 3½ games to 2½.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Those *fin-de-siècle* novelties, ladies' clubs, are presumably a success, for some are extending their bounds and others are being added to the number. They are now numerous enough to be very various in their character. There is one, for instance, the Alexandra, in Grosvenor Street, at which a good dinner can be obtained by members, with wines *à la carte*, and where there is a dressing-room that boasts ivory brushes, and all sorts of other luxuries, such as are sadly to seek in the little Somerville, where all the accommodation is poor, the refreshments are supplied from the delicious menu of the Aërated Bread shop that occupies the floors down below the club, and the subscription is correspondingly small. The Alexandra costs five guineas a year, and in this respect compares with a decent club subscription for a man, as it does in internal arrangement; among its features is the absolute prohibition of the entrance of the sex to whom the place does not appertain, all the waiting being done by women servants in a neat uniform, and the caterer and steward being women. The Albemarle, on the other hand, is a club for both men and women. Until it was formed, something like twenty years ago, all such mixed club experiments had failed, but the Albemarle has been under rigidly respectable management, and has completely succeeded. Of other clubs for women exclusively, two have just extended their bounds, and each has had a formal opening within the past few days.

One, the "Pioneer," has got entire possession of a fine house in Bruton Street. The subscription is only two guineas a year, but the club depends less on its subscription list than on its president, Mrs. Massingberd, who has furnished it superbly. The catering profits would certainly not make up any deficiencies in the common fund, as they do in so many men's clubs, for this club is on temperance lines. That is one of Mrs. Massingberd's hobbies; another is to wear a loose-fitting tweed coat, a vest and stiff shirt-front, and collar and tie, all just like a man's, and a little round felt hat that she takes off as she enters a room. Save for this eccentricity, which is perhaps harmless, Mrs. Massingberd is entirely honourable for her devoted consecration of her wealth and her broad intellect to good objects. But a club so supported is not on an ordinary footing. The other one that has got a new home is self-supporting; it is known as "The Writers," and Princess Christian was good enough to formally open its new premises in Norfolk Street, Strand, on May 18. This royal visit was obtained through the kind offices of Lady Jeune; she is the president of the club, in succession to Mrs. Stannard (John Strange Winter), under whose auspices the idea became a practical thing about two and a half years ago. That idea was to supply women who write for the press with a common meeting-place, and to put it near Fleet Street, so that it might be specially useful to women journalists. Presumably it has met a want, for the new rooms that the Princess opened, though down underground, are far superior to the true "Grub Street" aspect of the original residence of the club, which was two vile little rooms on the top floor of an old house in Fleet Street. The Princess's visit was not well organised. There was absolutely no programme. The Princess did not know how to fill up the time, and was gone ten minutes after she came in, Lady Jeune having delivered a short but telling little impromptu speech, and the Princess having prettily but very briefly replied.

Princess Christian was dressed in a simple and quiet toilette of grey camel's hair, with revers of an embroidery in the same colour opening over a vest and tablier of fancy silk—a ground of shot and moiré palest heliotrope spotted with tiny pansies; her bonnet was of cream straw trimmed with velvet in a dark heliotrope shade and the magenta flowers without which a Paris *chapeau* cannot at present exist. Lady Jeune's dress was black crêpon, with a black bonnet relieved by a red bow. The most striking figure was the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, who claims sisterhood with the "Writers" by her new book of travels. In the course of its bright, unaffected pages, her Grace says that Lady Jersey told her that an Australian lady had said she was "so pleased to have seen a real live Duchess." "So now they all call me 'the real live one,' which amuses me, as I do not feel the least bit 'duchessy.'" However, being a head taller than the average woman, and withal handsome in feature and sparkling in expression, the noble authoress, at any rate, looks "duchessy." Her dress was a violet satin, and a velvet cape of the same colour relieved with a deep shoulder trimming of white lace. Mrs. Lynn Linton, Mrs. Linnaeus Banks, "Curtis Yorke" Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Oscar Beringer, Lady Barnby, and a whole host of lady journalists of more or less distinction were present; and several men of literary note, including Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Zangwill, Mr. G. B. Burgin, Mr. Coulson Kernahan, but—portentous to state—not a single solitary specimen of the most precious and desirable genus, the editors! Wise discretion on their parts.

There is no finer sight than the opera at Covent Garden, speaking of the auditorium. Always fine, it has now been improved by new crimson silk damask hangings and fresh gilding; and when filled by an average opera audience—all the ground being stalls, and all the first two tiers, right round the house, being boxes, for which the ladies dress in full evening costume with jewels in mass—it is a truly splendid and glittering spectacle. Nearly all the heads, it will be seen, are now dressed low, the hair gathered up at the back; but stylish women do not patronise the padded excrescence of the lumpy chignon, contenting themselves with three broad coils laid downwards or with a loose twist in and out, at the back of the head. This is generally pinned a little tighter to the fall-in of the neck than at the top, so that it rather prolongs the crown, and affords there sufficient rest for the diamond crescent or other small ornament that is worn to be visible from the front on the heads that do not bear a tiara. A twist of velvet round the puff of hair, finished in front with a tall, narrow, and much-pointed pair of bows standing upright, and sometimes pinned together with a diamond brooch or spray, proved a popular ornament for girls at the opera. The top of the head is lightly waved, and very little fringe is worn.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 10, 1892) of the Rev. William Heygate Benn, of the Rectory, Churchover, Warwickshire, who died on Feb. 7, at Rugby, was proved on May 5 by Anthony Staesmore Benn and George Charles Benn, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £168,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the Hospital of St. Cross, Rugby, in augmentation of the endowment fund; and £500 to the rector and churchwardens of Churchover to be invested, and the interest expended, in the purchase of flannels, blankets, coals, or bread, to be annually distributed as near as may be to Christmas among such deserving poor inhabitants as they may think fit, both free of legacy duty. All his manors, messuages, lands, hereditaments, and real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his said two brothers, to be equally divided between them as tenants in common.

The will (dated July 29, 1861), with three codicils (dated Oct. 11, 1878, July 19, 1882, and June 14, 1884), of Mr. Frederick William Curteis, of Wissenden, Tunbridge Wells, who died on April 1, was proved on May 10 by Alfred William Boodle, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £148,000. The testator bequeaths £500, and all his linen, china, glass, wines, consumable household stores, horses, carriages, and live and dead farming stock and effects to his wife, Mrs. Maria Louisa Curteis; an annuity of £500 and the use of his residence, with the pleasure-grounds, orchards, &c., to his wife during life or widowhood, in addition to the provision made for her by their marriage settlement; £2000 each to his four children by his late wife Elizabeth; and a few other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children, the shares of each of his sons to be double the shares of each of his daughters; and certain amounts are to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated Nov. 15, 1893) of Mr. Thomas Fletcher Twenlow, D.L., J.P., of Betley Court, Staffordshire, who

died on March 30, was proved on May 3 by Mrs. Eliza Anne Twenlow, the widow, George Fletcher Royds, the nephew, and Reginald Thompson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £89,000. The testator bequeaths certain plate and jewellery and all his wines, household stores, horses, carriages, live and dead stock, and £500 to his wife; £100 each to his sisters; £200 to his executor, Mr. R. Thompson; and legacies to servants and labourers. He devises the manor of Arclyd, Cheshire, his mansion house, Betley Court, and all his messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments, whether freehold or copyhold, in the counties of Stafford and Cheshire or elsewhere, to his wife, for life or widowhood; and on her death or remarriage to his nephew, George Fletcher Royds, in fee simple. He expresses a desire for his nephew to retire, on his coming into possession, from any trade or business he may be engaged in, and he is to take the name of Fletcher-Twenlow, and to quarter the arms of Fletcher and Twenlow with those of his own family. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for his said nephew.

The will (dated Aug. 4, 1891) of Mr. Thomas Smith Edgcombe, of Hinton House, Elm Grove, Southsea, who died on Jan. 24, was proved on May 7 by Robert Edgcombe Hellyer, the nephew, and Charles Cole, the executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £72,000. The testator gives sixty £50 shares in the Portsea Island Gas Light Company, and £7000 upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of his niece Mary Ann Ayles; sixty £50 shares in the same company, and £7000, upon trust, for his niece Sarah Jane Hellyer; an annuity of £100 to his sister Martha Jane Dipnall; an annuity of £300 to his sister Sarah Ann Hellyer; and bequests to two cousins, his executor, Mr. Cole, housekeeper, and servants. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his nephew, the said Robert Edgcombe Hellyer.

The will (dated Nov. 16, 1889) of Mr. William Waring, of 41, Princes Gardens, South Kensington, and of Taver-

ham Hall, Norfolk, who died on April 10, was proved on May 12 by Henry Waring, the brother, and John Arkle Waring, the son, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £68,000. The testator bequeaths such of his carriages and horses as she may select to his wife, and he gives her the right to occupy his town residence with the stables; £50 per annum to Anne Jane Cunliffe, for life, and then to her daughter, Mary Cunliffe, for life; and an annuity of £200 to Francis William Slade, formerly in the employ of his firm of Waring Brothers, and at his death, if he should leave any children under sixteen, to be continued for their maintenance until they shall attain that age. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said son, John Arkle Waring.

The will (dated May 27, 1880) of Mr. John Henry Goldie, formerly of the Madras Civil Service, late of 4, Lansdown Crescent, Bath, who died on March 18, was proved on May 7 by John Henry Goldie, the son, and the Rev. John Lovell Gwatkin Hadow, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £49,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, and the Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics; all his furniture and effects, horses and carriages, the cash in the house, and £500 to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Margaret Goldie; and £50 to his executor, the Rev. J. L. G. Hadow. The residue of his estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood. On her death or second marriage he gives £500 each to his four daughters, Sarah Margaret, Eliza Anne, Emma Sophia Georgina, and Margaret Julia; £100 per annum to his son George Robert for life; and the ultimate residue to all his children (except his son George Robert) in equal shares.

The Irish probate, sealed at Dublin, of the will (dated Sept. 15, 1893) of Mr. Charles Hawkes Todd, LL.D., Q.C., J.P., late of Silveracre, Rathfarnham, county Dublin, who died on March 5, granted to Miss Charlotte Emily Todd, the niece and sole executrix, was resealed in London on

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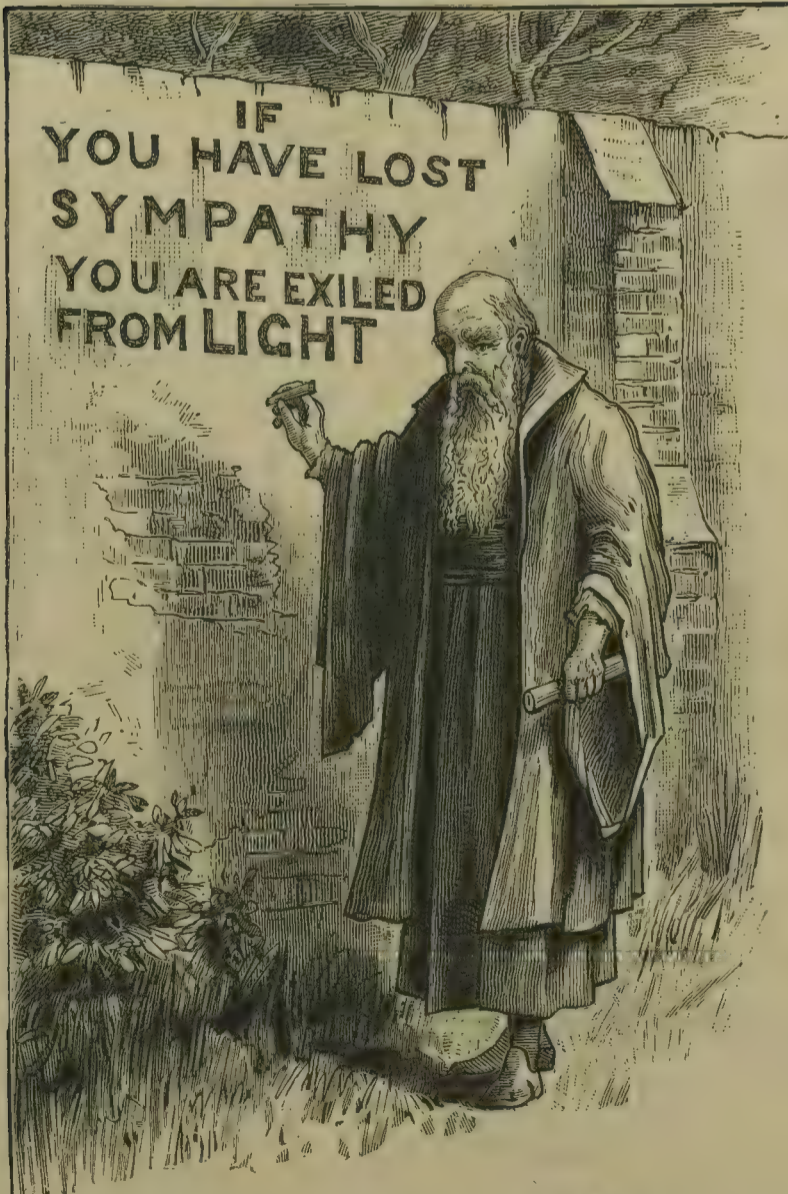
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"EGYPT, Cairo.—Since my arrival in Egypt in August last I have on three occasions been attacked by fever. On the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health, at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me, Sir, gratefully yours.—A CORPORAL, 19th Hussars, May 26, 1883.—Mr. J. C. Eno."

"I USED MY 'FRUIT SALT' freely in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say I believe it saved my life.—J. C. Eno."

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May 11, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £22,000. The testator gives considerable legacies to nephews, nieces, and others. All his Bank of Ireland Stock and his property in the city of Dublin and the town of Sligo he leaves to his said niece, Charlotte Emily Todd, and he appoints her residuary legatee.

The will (dated Dec. 9, 1891) of Mr. John Hosking Ellacott, of 1, Landscore Villas, Teignmouth, Devon, who died on March 5, was proved on May 4 by William Cropper and Walmsley Stanley the elder, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £19,000. The testator leaves all his estate, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, Mrs. Emma Ellacott, for life, with power to appoint any part of the capital to herself by deed if she should wish to possess it, and subject thereto at her death as she shall by will appoint.

The will of Dame Mary Wyatt, of Dimlands, Llantwitmajor, near Cowbridge, Glamorganshire, who died on March 14, was proved on May 9 by Thomas Henry Wyatt and Alfred Jowers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £10,368.

The will and codicil of Mr. Charles John Simmons, of Langford Churchill, Somersetshire, who died on April 16, were proved on May 8 by Field-Marshal Sir John Lintorn Arabin Simmons, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., the brother, and Frederic Wood, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8220.

Princess Louise, with her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, on May 19 opened the exhibition of art at the Hampstead Vestry Hall, on Haverstock Hill.

THE OPERA.

The history of the opening week at Covent Garden was without precedent in the annals of that establishment. The six nights yielded a total of eight operas, two of which were performed for the first time in this country, and in each instance with unqualified and emphatic success. In "Faust," on the second night, Mdle. Simonnet, M. Cossira, and M. Plançon made their entrées, while a favourable début was made by M. Albers—a baritone with a fine voice and good style—in the part of Valentine. A contingent of well-known artists came back the following evening—Mdles. Giulia and Sofia Ravogli, as the hero and heroine of Gluck's "Orfeo"; and Madame Calvé, Signor de Lucia and Signor Ancona, in "Cavalleria Rusticana." Another double bill—"Philémon et Baucis" and "Pagliacci"—was presented on Thursday, May 17, the casts being entirely familiar, save that Madame Sigrid Arnoldson made a first and, on the whole, successful appearance as Nedda, in Leoncavallo's opera. On the Friday, "Carmen" was given, with Madame Calvé in the title rôle, Mdle. Simonnet as Michaela, M. Cossira as Don José, and M. Albers as Escamillo. The direction of the above operas was divided by Signor Mancinelli and Signor Bevilacqua.

The production for the first time in England of Verdi's "Falstaff," which took place on Saturday, May 19, was attended by a complete and gratifying success. It was witnessed by a crowded and representative audience, and the reception of the opera was marked throughout by the utmost warmth. The masterpieces that have "lived" in the domain of comic opera—using the term only, of course, in its highest sense—since Mozart wrote

his "Nozze di Figaro," might almost be counted upon the fingers of one hand. Between most of them and this latest product of Verdi's genius, there is as wide a gap in the matter of form and texture as there is between Rossini's "Barber of Seville" and the "Meistersinger" of Wagner. Nicolai's once-popular "Merry Wives of Windsor" is not to be mentioned in the same breath. It would be superfluous now to dwell upon the marvellousness of Verdi's achievement. All the world knows that the octogenarian composer has shown in "Falstaff," a sturdy vigour and irrepressible spirit of a young man of twenty. His music, while bubbling over with gaiety and energy, reveals a wealth of technical ingenuity all but unparalleled in a work of this class. Wonderful beyond measure is the art wherewith the musician has reflected in his orchestra and—less constantly but not less truthfully—in his vocal writing every tiny incident, nay, well-nigh every shade of thought, that arises in the comedy. The performance happily attained a degree of excellence commensurate alike with the beauties and the exacting difficulties of the work. The principal singers and the *mise en scène*, as in the case of "Manon Lescaut," were furnished from Milan by Signor Ricordi. The central personage of the story was admirably delineated by Signor Pessina, who has a splendid voice. The members of the original cast comprised Signor Pini-Corsi, whose Ford was at once clever and amusing; Signorina Zilli, who threw abundant animation into the part of Alice Ford; and Signori Pelagalli-Rossetti and Arimondi, who were excellent as Bardolph and Pistol. Signorina Olga Olghina and Signor Beduschi sang well as Nannetta and Fenton, and Signorina Giulia Ravogli was satisfactory as Dame Quickly.

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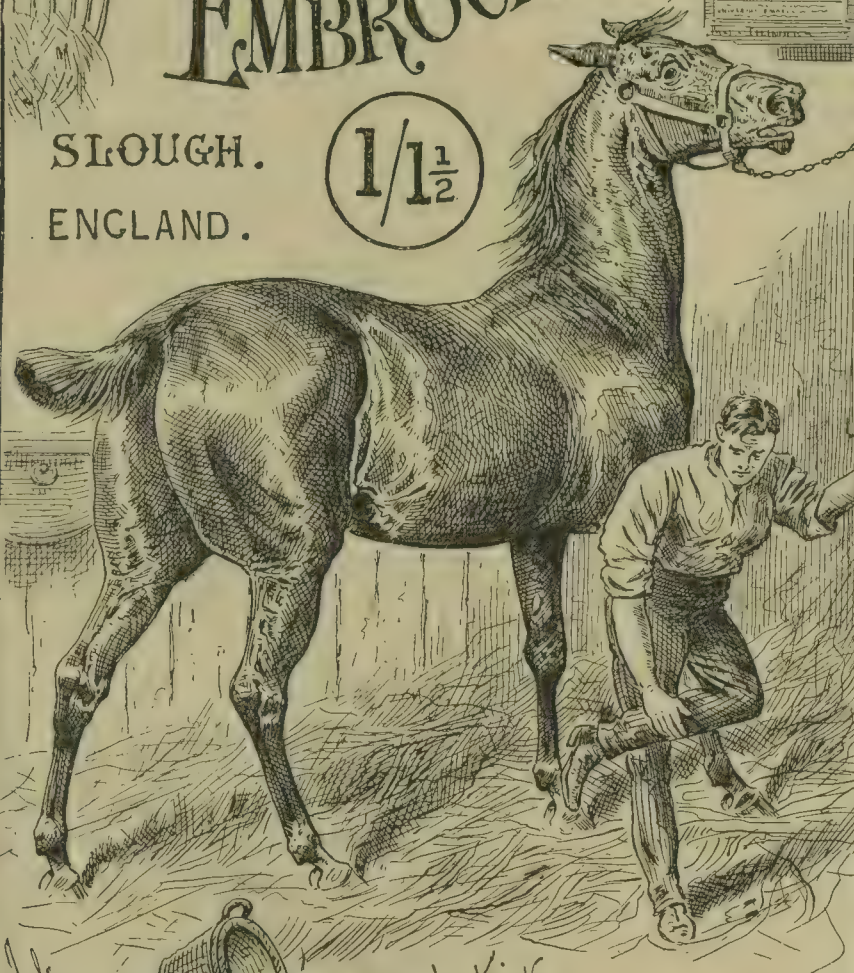
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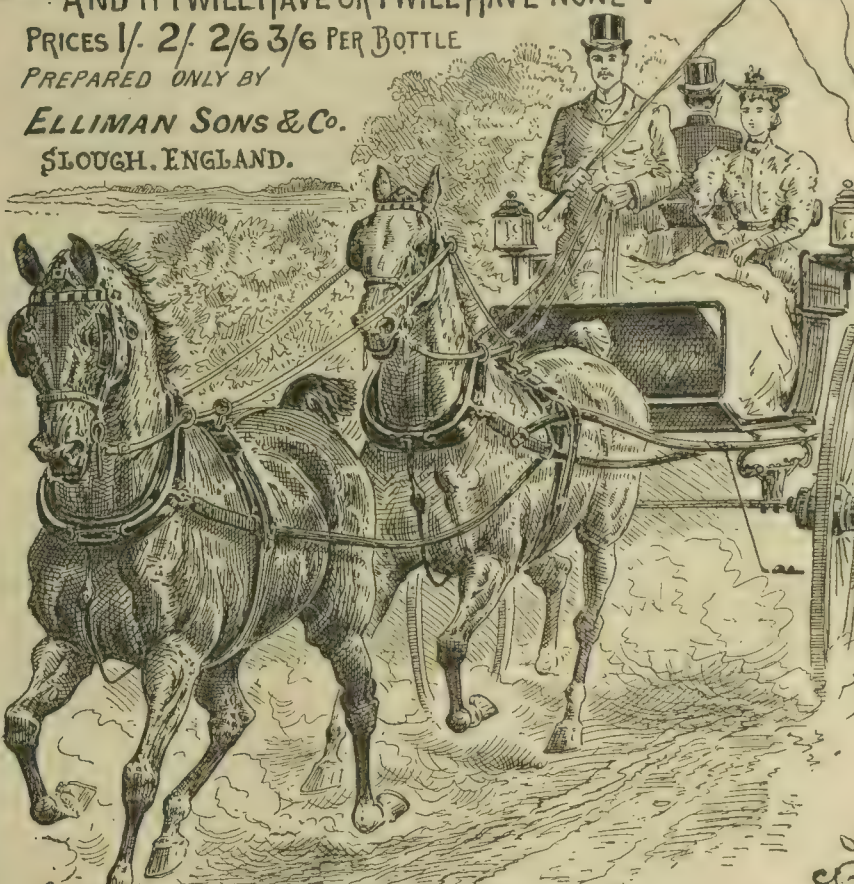
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The utmost regret is expressed at the death of Bishop Smythies. He did a splendid work at Roath, his ordinary parochial labours being prosecuted with extraordinary and unflagging energy. But his ten years labour in Central Africa were still more wonderful. He was a worthy successor of Edward Steere, and to say that is to say much. With the exception of Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley, no man has walked more miles in Eastern Central Africa than Bishop Smythies. It is to be feared that these long marches undermined his strength. Often he was up to his waist in water, and the natural result was fever. Indeed, he was a martyr; and he foresaw his fate, for in his farewell sermon at Cardiff he said, "The history of the mission was a history of the deaths of missionaries."

What are the clergy to do in view of the movement for Disestablishment? They are advised by the *Church Times* not to preach on the subject, but to hold private and public meetings, to write letters to the newspapers in floods, and also to the local members of Parliament; also to try to find out the methods adopted for raising chapel building funds, and to expose them. They are also counselled to spread the history of religion in Wales during the past century.

Mr. Gore has been giving a most interesting address at Cambridge on "The Obligation to Discern the Signs of the Times." He said that "the old truth had to be interpreted

in the terms of the new environment. A sign of great danger at present was the weak and enervating toleration which parodied true consideration. In the modern novel the mere vehemence of passion was often the ground for making a base act seem noble, while the essential Christian ideals of Socialism rose above the old watchword of competition. Yet the time was never more urgent for pressing home the corresponding truth that no society can be built except on individual character."

A meeting has been held at Cambridge to arrange for a suitable memorial of the late Dr. Robertson Smith.

Mr. Asquith's Bill for Welsh Disestablishment has been discussed at the Oxford Union. It was disapproved of by a majority of 123 to 71.

The Established Church of Scotland has contributed during the last ten years for religious purposes £3,996,300; the Free Church has contributed £6,217,990; while the United Presbyterians have raised £3,784,195.

The Bishop of Worcester has not signed the episcopal manifesto on the Welsh Disestablishment Bill. As is well known, the Bishop was a most intimate friend of Bishop Thirlwall, whose charges he edited. Although he has not signed the manifesto, the Bishop is firmly opposed to Disestablishment. He thinks the Government has no serious intention.

The Bishop of Sodor and Man, in his charge delivered the other day, said that public attention had of late been

called to the condition of the island in respect of morality, and there could be no doubt that Manx people were exposed to the evil and corrupt influence of much disorderly and demoralising conduct at a certain season of the year. They should make up their minds that what can be done to stop it should be done. The public opinion of the island was healthy, and would, he was sure, support them. V.

An association, which has now existed sixteen months, aims at providing lectures by qualified lady lecturers, in places which have not yet been reached by the University Extension Societies. Courses on literature, art, and history have been delivered at Tewkesbury, Congleton, and other towns, with encouraging support.

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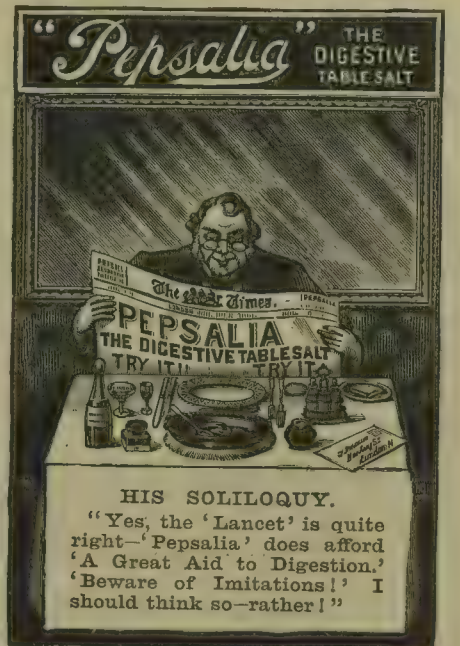
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THE SEASON.

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able by the facilities of access to Monaco and Monte Carlo, with the
multitude of quick trains on the double line of railway between
Nice and Mentone, enabling parties to return, after a performance
at a theatre or a concert, or in the evening after-dinner, to any of the
towns on the coast where visitors are accustomed to sojourn.

The Monte Carlo Theatre, under the able director, M. Raoul
Gunsbourg, opened this season with "Niniche," in which Judic
achieved a success equal to that of her best days, assisted by a com-
pany all of whom gained their share of applause; the aristocratic
and fashionable audience comprised many who came to Monte Carlo
from Nice and Cannes, and from Mentone; among those present
were the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia and the Grand Duchess of
Leuchtenberg.

The programme of the Monte Carlo Theatre continued with "La
Fille de Madame Angot," performed by Mesdames Montbazou
and Gilberte, Messrs. David and Paul Bert, "Mon Prince," by
Andrian; and "Ruy Blas," with Mounet-Sully, on Jan. 9. The
director had secured the first representation, out of Paris, of "Mon
Prince," which in the capital had achieved so great a success.

The programme from March 10 to April 1 consisted of two
representations every week in the following order: "Samson
et Dalila," by Saint-Saens, with Madame Deschamps-Jehin, Salféa
and Fabre; "La Sonnanbula," by Madame Marcelle Sombich,
Messrs. Queyia and Boudouresque, fils; "Amy Robsart," by
Isidore de Lara, with Madame Sembich and Messrs. Melchisedec
and Queyia; "Rigoletto," "La Fille du Régiment"; and on
April 17, to close, "Les Dragons de Villars," performed by Mlle.
Elven, M. Queyia, and M. Boudouresque, fils.

In the meantime, on March 15, the above list of entertainments at
the theatre was accompanied by other interesting proceedings at
Monte Carlo.

There are the Conférences to be held by M. Francisque Sarcey.

Twice a week, Thursday and Sunday, there are the Classical and
International Concerts, under the competent direction of M.
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Every day will have its artistic performance and attraction.

The International Fine Arts Exhibition, opened from Jan. 16, is
superior to those of past years, in the choice and value of the works
collected, paintings by great masters, and in the arrangements
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Darnaud.

Her Serene Highness Princess Alice has accepted the honorary
presidency of the committee of patrons and patronesses. Among
the names are Messrs. Bonnat, Gérôme, Jules Lefebvre, Detaille,
and Barrias, of the Institut, Bartholdi, Burne-Jones, Carous
Duran, Edelfelt, Sir Frederic Leighton, De Madrazo, Paolo
Michetti, Munkacsy, and Alfred Stevens. The managing committee,
with M. de Darnaud, have been able to collect examples of the most
esteemed French and foreign artists.

Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes; it affords lawn
tennis, pigeon-shooting, fencing, and various sports, exercises, and
amusements; besides the enjoyment of sunshine and pure air in the
marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown.

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hours, find themselves in a place of enchanting beauty and mani-
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they find all the gaiety of Parisian life, while scenes of fairland,
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MISCELLANEOUS.

Madame Patti sang in London for the first time this season at the Royal Albert Hall, on Saturday afternoon, May 19. Her rendering of Wagner's song "Träume" was the distinguishing feature of the occasion, for, save before her visitors at Craig-y-Nos, and that only quite recently, the famous prima donna has never previously ventured to sing any composition by the master who wrote the "Nibelungen." Apart from the pleasure that it afforded, the new departure may be regarded as having some importance, if only because it will help to dispel the notion that Wagner's music is invariably calculated to harm the voice. Of course there is Wagner—and Wagner; but good singers, and Madame Patti above all, may be relied on to know what examples of his style can be safely chosen; and if the result be as delightful to the ear as it was in the above instance, let us hope that the diva in particular will add much more from the same source to her repertory.

Some Londoners will have little difficulty in guessing the identity of the prosperous tradesman who can neither

read nor write, and who, owing to the dependence on others entailed by this incapacity, has suddenly found himself confronted by liabilities which he never dreamed of. Bills had been run up for goods of which he had no cognisance till he was pressed for payment. One consequence was a recent sale of surplus stock which enabled some acute epicures to enrich their cellars at a moderate outlay.

The drainage works in the town of Newbury, in Berkshire, have brought to light numerous bones, skulls, and other fossil portions of animals. Various objects of flint, characterising the Age of Stone, have been found in the lower layers of the peat, from which it is evident that the prehistoric inhabitants of the river valley possessed great dexterity in the fabrication of primitive weapons and tools. Several articles of a later epoch have been also met with, such as bronze buckles of many kinds, Roman pottery, and coins.

A destructive fire, on May 15, broke out in the Baseball League grounds at Boston, United States, and swept through the district of Southend; it destroyed 137

buildings; twenty-two others were partly consumed. Nineteen persons were injured. Forty children were missing in the confusion of a hurried flight from the houses.

The new Manchester Steam Navigation Company proposes to place on the canal shipping representing some 50,000 tons for trade with India, the Mediterranean, South America, and the United States. This would represent 400,000 tons of traffic per annum for the canal, and an increase of £120,000 in the Canal Company's revenue, to say nothing of labour charges or wages. The Navigation Company's fleet will consist of twelve steamers.

The Royal Yacht Squadron, on May 16, received intelligence that the original *Valkyrie* cutter, formerly belonging to Lord Dunraven, and sold by him to an Italian gentleman, has foundered off the coast of Africa with the loss of all hands. This yacht, has been sailing against the Prince of Wales's *Britannia* in recent Mediterranean regattas. The new *Valkyrie*, which sailed for the America Cup last year, is now home from New York.

DEATH.

On April 14, 1894, at St. Kilda, Melbourne, Lilla Irving, the beloved wife of the Rev. James Auchinloch Ross, Minor Canon of Melbourne and Incumbent of Hawksburn, Australia; second daughter of John and Agnes Radmall, Lynside, Woodberry Down, London, N.; aged 37 years.

LYCEUM.—FAUST. Every Evening at 8. **MEPHISTOPHELES**—Mr. IRVING. **MARGARET**—Miss ELLEN TERRY. **MATINEES**, May 26 and 31, and June 9, at 2 o'clock. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily from 10 to 5, and during the performance. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

DALY'S THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY. **ELEONORA DUSE** REASON. (Under the management of Mr. HUGO GORLITZ.) To-day (Saturday), May 26, at 2.30, **MATINEE** of LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS. Wednesday next, May 30, LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS. Thursday next, May 31, CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and LOCANDIERA. Saturday, June 2, **MATINEE** of LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS. Tickets at the Box-office and all Libraries.

QUEEN'S HALL, Langham Place, W. Mr. KUHE'S JUBILEE CONCERT (under the direction of Mr. N. VERT). On MONDAY AFTERNOON NEXT, May 28, at 2.30. The following eminent artists have kindly consented to appear: Madame Albani, Miss Liza Lehmann, Madame Epstein, Miss Maude René, Miss Dale, and Miss Esther Palliser, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Miss Clara Butt, Miss Marie Bremner, Madame Alice Gomez, Signorine Sofia and Giulia Ravogli (by kind permission of Sir Augustus Harris), Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, Mr. Norman Salmond, Mr. Douglas Powell, Mr. David Blapham (by kind permission of Sir Augustus Harris) and Mr. Eugene Oudin, the Meister Glee Singers (Messrs. Saxton, Hast, Forington, and Norcross), Solo Pianoforte, Madame Sophie Menter, Solo Violins, Signor Simonetti and Master Huberman (of Warsaw, aged eight years), Solo Violoncello, Mr. Leo Stern. Mr. George Grossmith will make his first appearance since his return from America, and will give a Humorous Sketch. Conductors: Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, Mr. Henry Bird, de Manby Serpison, Signor Biscaccia, and Mr. Randegger. Tickets, 21s., 10s., 6d., 7s., 6d., 3s., and 2s. 6d., of the usual Agents: Tree, St. James's Hall; the Queen's Hall; and of N. VERT, 6, Cork Street, W.

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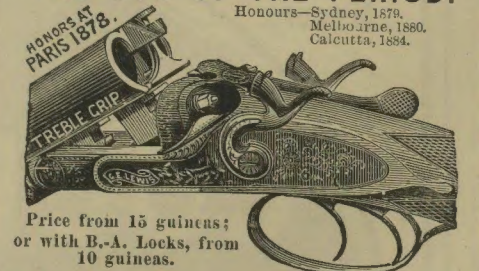
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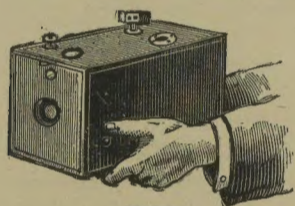
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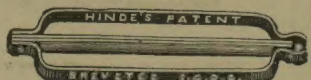
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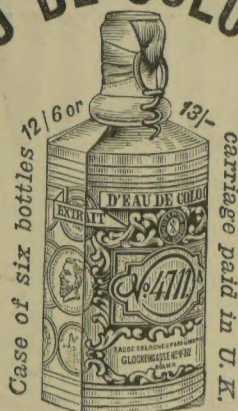
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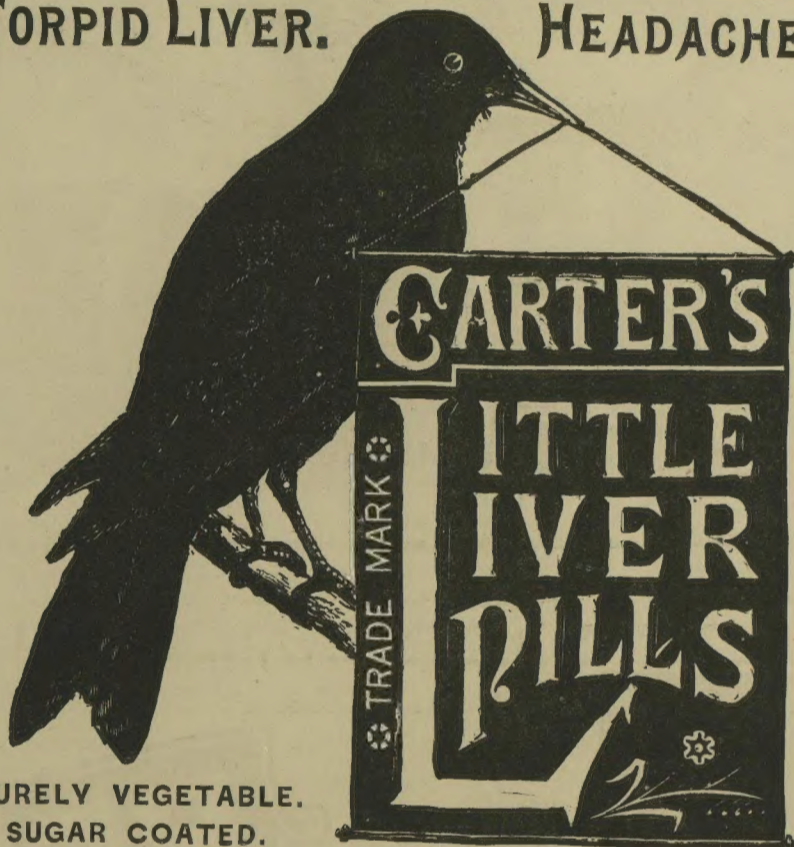
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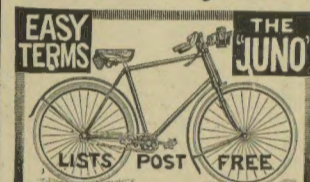
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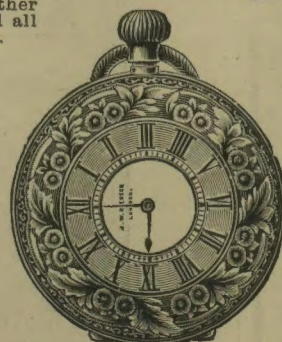
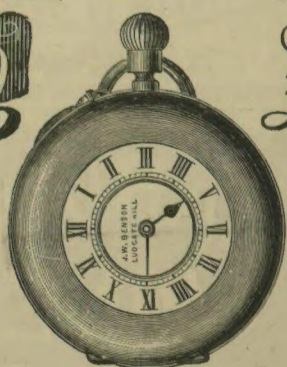
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